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“ONE OF GOMEZ’ MEN”

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY FREDERIC REMINGTON AT HAVANA

COLLIER'S WEEKLY



EASTER NUMBER MDCCCXCIX



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ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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DRAWN BY HENRY McCARTER

THE NIGHTINGALE

BY E. NESBIT

ILLUSTRATION BY LOUIS LOEB; DECORATIONS BY HENRY McCARTER

THE SUBURBAN ROAD was gay with the plumes of flowering lilac and the bright promise of labyrinths. The red buds on the May bushes had not yet uncurled. The water cart had just gone by, leaving a pleasant scent of wet earth.

She was leaning her arms on the gate and looking away from him.

"So it's no use?" he said—he also was leaning on the gate. The road was very quiet except for passing tradesmen, whose carts now and then flashed along its silence. He had called to bring her a book, and she had walked with him to the gate. He had not meant to speak then—had indeed rehearsed many a time a declaration to be made in very different surroundings—but she looked so dear in her blue morning gown, the breeze of spring played so charmingly with that hair of hers, that quite suddenly he had spoken, and she had said "No."

"It's no use?" he repeated; for she still kept silence, and her eyes were far away.

"No, it's no use," she said. "I couldn't marry any one unless I was so fond of him that I couldn't bear my life without him. That's the only excuse for marriage."

"Then I'm not to come here any more—I suppose?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, drawing her eyebrows together with a worried frown, "why did you go and spoil it all? It was all so pleasant! Can't you be really sensible? Let us go on just as we were, and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No," he said, "I shall go away. When one lives

in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Kew—as here."

She thought how dull tennis and dance and picnic would be without him, and said stiffly, "Just as you please, of course."

Then her face lighted up as the rattle of hoop and hoopstick and little pattering feet drew her eyes to the other side of the road, where a little girl in a scarlet frock came quickly along the asphalt, her brown hair flying behind her.

"Here's Vynie—"

The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the curb and flew into the middle of the road. The little scarlet figure followed it. Then, in a flash, a butcher's cart from a side road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reining in his horse thirty yards down the road and looking back over his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and brown that now had crimson mixed with it, and over which a girl in a blue gown and a man in a gray suit were bending.

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again then."

The two were standing at the gate again; but now there was no fresh rose tint in her face, and in his eyes no light of passion.

"My poor dear," he said—and she did not resent the words—"let me do anything I can. Forget all that

folly of this morning, and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will—you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping; "but there is nothing any one can do. It is horrible! When I told her she would have to lie still for a time she tried to smile, and then she said, 'Don't cry, Sissy. I will be as good as gold'; and then she said she should sleep all day, and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never heard it yet."

He remembered how he had listened to the nightingale in the copse behind her house on many a summer night when he had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the blind, and he sighed, and said:

"The nightingales are singing bravely in the wood beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

Vynie, lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide-open eyes, watched the day die. Then the lamp was lighted, and presently that in its turn gave place to the yellow glow of the night light, and the great shadows it cast.

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own," said the little voice.

"No, my darling." Rose bent over the bed. "Does it want anything? Will it have some milk—nice fizzy milk?"

"No—yes; but I want to hear the nightingale, Sissy. Why doesn't he begin? Isn't it late enough?"

"Yes, my sweetheart; but perhaps the nightingale's

got such a pretty home, in the warm country where he lives in the winter, that he can't make up his mind to come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he *must* come! I can't lie still all the time unless he comes! Do please ask God to tell the nightingale how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the night light. Perhaps he doesn't like to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and he couldn't know I've got broken, could he?"

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale.

"Master Tom, miss, to inquire."

Rose went down, trembling with want of sleep, haggard with anxiety. She took the great basket of roses her friend had brought, and holding it, told him how the night had passed. "They were singing like mad down by the station," he said. "Confound the brutes! I expect your nightingale isn't coming this year."

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do with-

on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness.

"Open the window, Nursey, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard something."

When the window was opened Vynie held her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was softly broken by two or three mellow notes.

"Is it—oh, is it? Nursey, nursey—"

"It's the nightingale right enough, my pet," said the old woman as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing-gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is—it is! God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!"

Again the full notes pierced the soft darkness.

Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened—Vynie to the song of the nightingale, and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she held against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse softly.

"I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

every night since Vynie's been ill! Say it wasn't my doing!"

"It was for Vynie," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins for you in the winter? It was a silly little thing, but it was all I could do for the dear. And it *did* do her good. You said so."

He turned aside his head, exhausted.

Rose's eyes were full of tears. "You stayed in that wood all night, every night? You imitated the nightingale in all the wind and rain? And now—" She had crouched by the bed, and laying her head on her hands she sobbed aloud.

"Don't," he said feebly. "It was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child."

She lifted her face, flushed and distorted by her violent weeping, and laid it gently against his. He put up a feeble hand and touched her neck.

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. "You needn't be. I can't even be unhappy after this. Your face—your dear face—I don't in the least mind dying now."

She sprang up. "Dear Tom—my own dear Tom! You're not going to die. I shall send Nurse to take care of you. Now promise me, at once, that you will



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB

"LISTEN!"

out the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."

Tom was not such a fool as to say, "You have me." He only said, "Yes, I know," and pressed her hand. "You are good," she said, and went back to the child.

A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at every awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, asked:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear him."

The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death had cost the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest, and sat by Vynie's side.

"Nursey," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?"

"Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well, kneel down and tell God I shall die if I don't have the nightingale. God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, Nursey, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

The old woman knelt by the bedside, and, with a faith simple and beautiful as the child's own, "told God all about it."

The dusk was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillows, and shining eyes fixed

Tom came every day to inquire, and it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood—through nights radiant with clear moonlight, and through the black darkness of night wild with wind and rain. And Vynie grew stronger, and ate and drank and played dominoes, and was on the highroad to well-being once more.

Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day, and another. Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at his absence; on the second anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was ill.

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission; "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a feckless body if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

So Rose went.

His face showed ghastly in the frame of his disordered hair and of a three days' beard. She came to him and took his hands.

"That woman says I'm dying," he whispered; "but Vynie's all right, isn't she?"

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night—

get well, because Vynie and I cannot possibly live without you. My dear, dear, dear—"

Tom did not give the promise: but he did what was better, he got well.

When first he saw Vynie, now walking cheerfully with the crutches that would soon be laid aside, she told him about the nightingale.

"And do you know," she said, "Sister says he never sang after you got ill. I suppose God was so busy taking care of you that he hadn't time to bother with naughty nightingales that wouldn't do their singing. The nightingale sang very nicely though, when he was made to. Only I thought after a bit he seemed a little husky."

"Perhaps he caught a cold," said Tom. "Some of the nights were very wet."

"Perhaps he did—like you, you know," said Vynie cheerfully. "Well, he was a naughty nightingale! But if he had a cold I hope he had some one as nice as Nursey and Sister to look after him like they did you."

"I think he had," said Tom.

"Any way, I shall always love him, even if he was naughty, because he helped me to get well."

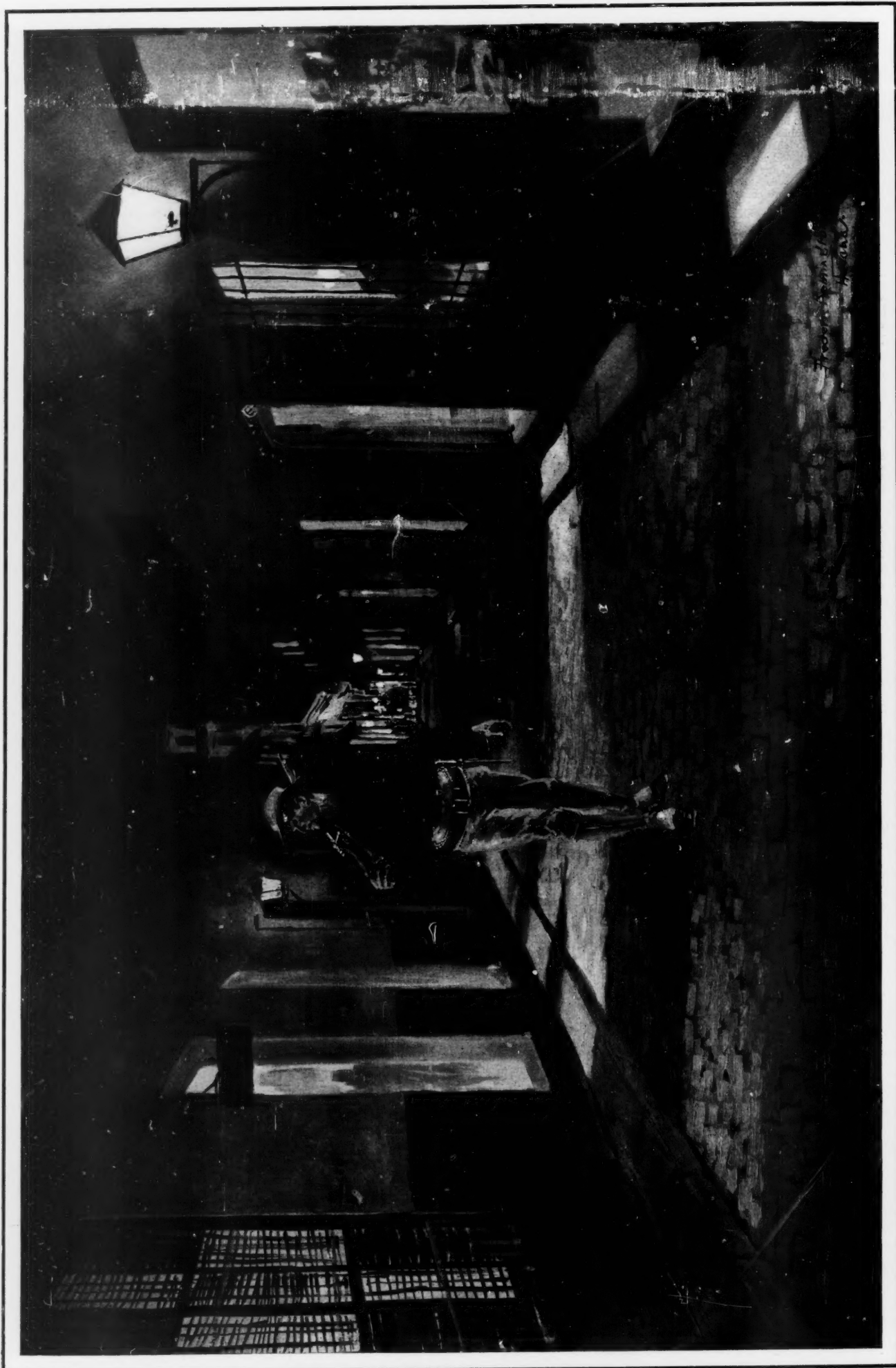
"It would make him very happy if he knew that."

"Do you think he does know?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, whether or no," said Vynie comfortably, "I'll go out into the wood and tell him all about it if he sings in that wood next year."

But the nightingale never sang in that wood again.



DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AT HAVANA

THE NIGHT PATROL

"OUR INFANTRY SOLDIERS WALK ALONG THE STREETS OF HAVANA WITH LOADED KRAG-JORGENSENS OVER THEIR SHOULDERS . . . NO CITY IN THE WORLD IS POLICED SO WELL."—FREDERIC REMINGTON

HAVANA UNDER OUR REGULARS

MY FIGURE of the Cuban is fairly typical of the infantry soldiers of the Cuban army. They are so diverse in their "make-ups" that, like trotting horses, they go in all shapes; but their clothes are mostly white, and their faces furnish a dark complement. The men who paraded Havana with General Gomez were almost all negroes of the most sombre hue; the light-brown variety was not conspicuous, and there was quite a following of white men. When I saw General Garcia's Oriental Army pass to the battle of Santiago, I was struck by the yellow tinge of it. To be sure, there were plenty of dark-browns and some whites, but in the main it was yellow.

When we stop to think of the thing beneath the skin, however, it must be admitted that these peasants have opposed two hundred thousand Spanish troops for three years with all their resources cut off, and they have shown stamina and fortitude. If in the future they develop "common sense" to match these qualities, they can sit at the tables in the rural *fondas* for the rest of their natural lives, drinking red wine and rum, smoking black cigars and talking of the days when they marched with Gomez. This is a thing very dear to old soldiers the world over.

The last time I was in Havana Weyler sat in the palace and dirty Spanish soldiers prowled the streets by day and by night. These much starved and abused men held up the honest wayfarer on the principal streets and got from him wherewith to buy bread. The stretches down by the wharves were little battlefields for decently dressed men after dark. The old Havana gendarme walked about or leaned against buildings, firing their cigarettes, but no one ever took them seriously—they interfered with nobody, no matter what his purpose might be.

The Prado at evening was a gay scene, with its swarms of Spanish officers and pretty women strolling slowly about to the music of the military bands. Much more cheerful than in these days, I must confess; but the back streets were made dangerous by starved soldiers; the insurgent bands raided the country about to the outposts on the neighboring hills, and the people in the theatres insulted Americans, thirsted for their blood, and told them so by word of mouth. Consul-General Lee employed his time in saving American newspaper correspondents from the Cabanas, and the United States Government signified no more to these poor ignorant souls than a yesterday's edition—the man Lee in person was the United States of America. He was not supported by Washington, but he pounded the table in Captain-General Weyler's presence, talking loud and vigorously, to good effect.

This has all changed. The city is divided into four districts, and our infantry soldiers walk along the streets with loaded Krag-Jorgensens over their shoulders, and no city in the world is policed so well. The private of infantry does not understand the Spanish language, but he comprehends a row, and at the least flicker of disorder he precipitates himself into the middle of the throng, using language fierce and loud and picturesque. No one understands the language, but every one comprehends that the vicinity of the big man with the gun should be vacant and hushed.

The liquor stores under Ludlow's administration would regard a Raines Law as unbridled license. The thirsty volunteers who come to town from the Seventh Corps are not permitted to amuse themselves after the fashion of their kind. At night the streets are quiet—almost deserted—and the criminal knows that the inarticulate

Yankee will shoot him dead at the least suspicion, because how can a Yankee soldier know what else to do? At first there was some warm work, though the butt, the bayonet, and the small calibre soon brought things right.

I employed an evening with an officer going his rounds. The thing was distressingly without incident. The lights from the buildings gridironed the narrow street, the small life of the people could be seen through the open door, and slowly down the middle paced the majesty of the Great Republic in the person of Jimmie Green from Poke County, or Paddy O'Brien from "de Ate Distric." But make no mistake about Jimmie and Pat with the "setting up," the silence of discipline, the fetch of orders and the loaded gun. There on the streets of the strange tropic city they are as impersonal as gods.

know you don't understand what I am talking about but I understand my orders, and now I am going to plow into you, with which calm statement he moved forward with the light of battle in his eye. The crowd was as feathers in a wind."

But when Havana thinks over her vicissitudes in the coming years, she can say the American regular made Havana look like Sunday morning in a New England village on a summer's day, and a Spanish-American town is not like that by nature.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

GOMEZ IN HAVANA

HAVANA, CUBA, March 5, 1899

THE COMING OF GOMEZ to Havana was characterized by all that enthusiasm and excitement

which the tropical nature of the Cubans and the services of the aged general to his country warranted in the one case and merited in the other. His entry raised to the highest pitch that personal enthusiasm for himself which for some weeks past has been growing and circulating not only in the breasts of the revolutionists, but also in the rabid Spaniards. Since his conferences with Mr. Porter at Remedios, and his common-sense, pacific speeches en route to Havana, Gomez has dignified himself in the eyes of even his enemies. He has ceased to be merely the leader of a desperate cause, the despotic commander of ragged bushwhackers. He has risen to the height of statesmanship, and, in addition to the military stories attaching to his name, will have the further and ever greater honor of causing a coalition for a common object between two inveterate enemies.

All this tended to make his reception on Saturday in the capital almost delirious. For a few hours the populace went mad with excitement, and the aged leader's appearance was, at almost every point, the signal for a stormy exhibition of delight. The huge crowds cheered themselves hoarse, wept, laughed, embraced each other, and crushed through the cavalcade to grasp the general's hand or touch even his horse. It was with difficulty he could progress at all, and every few moments his escort had to lend their aid in disengaging him from the fervid attention of his admirers.

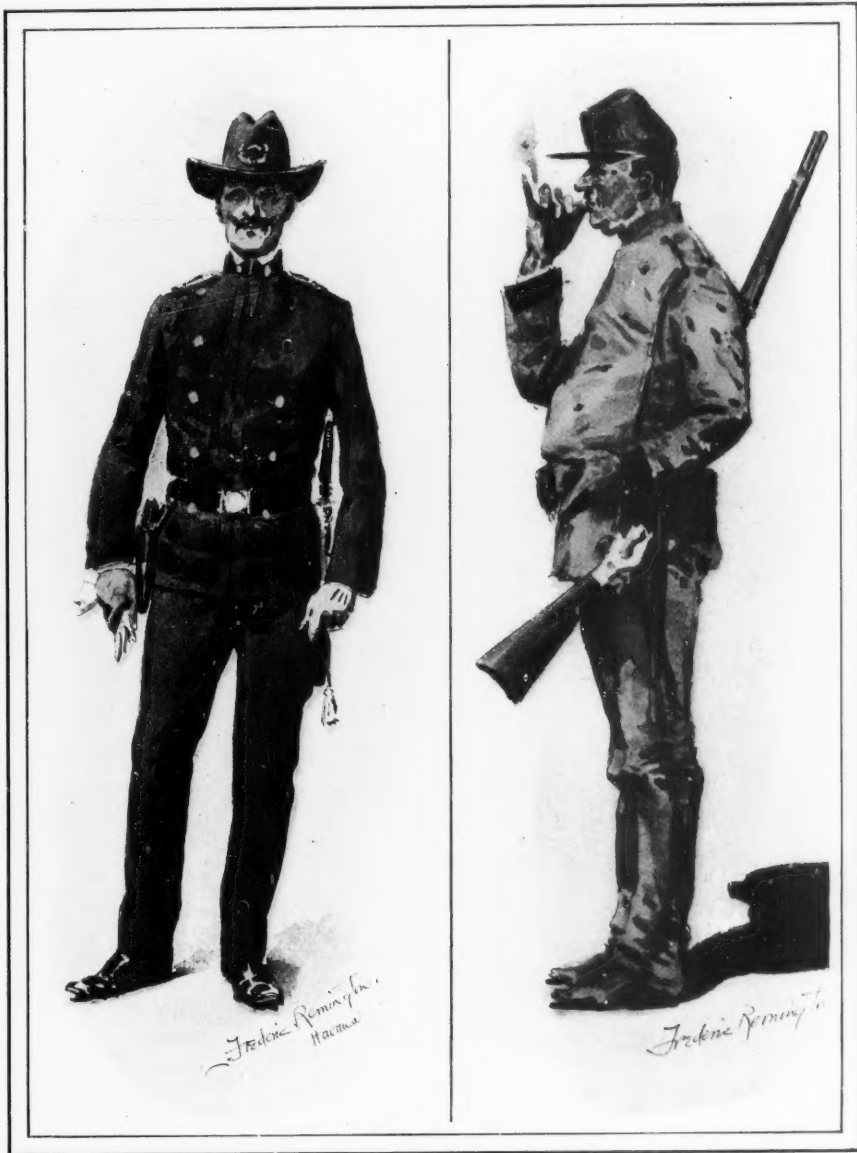
From the Cerro Station, where he arrived, to the Governor-General's palace, the

streets were thronged with cheering people. Every house hung out a flag in his honor, triumphal arches were erected at every suitable spot, and no emperor entering his capital received a greater ovation than the old fighter and his ragged legions.

Gomez himself took matters calmly. Occasionally he bowed, as some wild burst of "Vivas" broke out, but, as a rule, he sat his horse immovable, looking straight ahead through a pair of well-worn spectacles. His grim face did not relax for an instant, nor did the lines around the mouth soften at the heart-stirring demonstration. Probably he estimated it at its proper worth, knowing the nature of his adopted countrymen as he does. Anyhow, he appeared indifferent alike to unlimited praise, as he has done in the past to unjust criticism.

His troops were a thousand in number, and were the object of the greatest curiosity to Americans. Ragged, undisciplined, with arms of many makes and patterns, they were deficient in almost everything which to Northern eyes constitutes a soldier. But they looked a hardy body of men, capable of enduring almost any fatigue, and true guerillas, every man of them.

JACOB LYCHENHEIM.



THE NEW HAVANA POLICE—A CHIEF

A GENDARME OF THE OLD SPANISH POLICE FORCE

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AT HAVANA

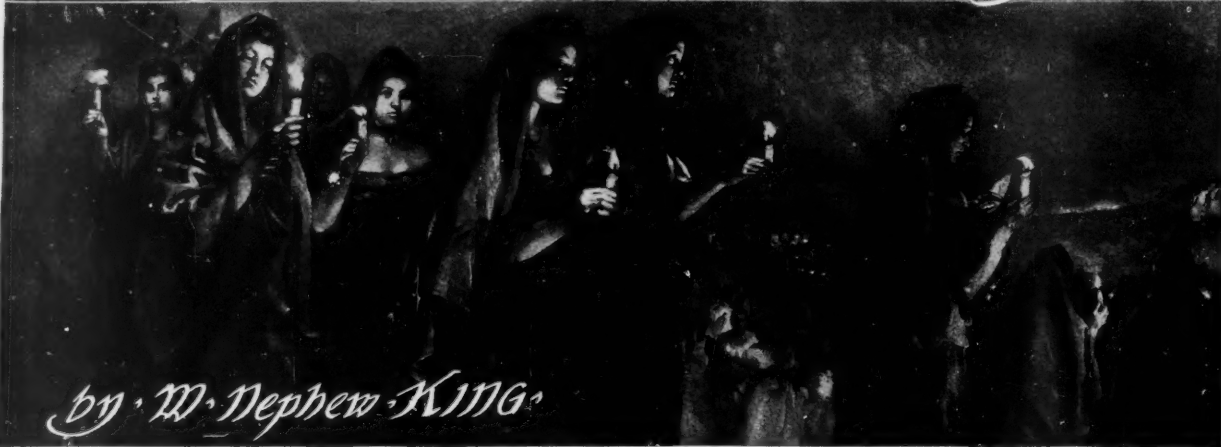
It all made me sigh for the riot and roar of White-chapel or the lower East Side, or some of the ginger of Chicago after candle-light, and I appealed to my officer friend. I asked him to kindly hit some passing straggler over the head with his six-shooter, since I could make nothing out of all this but a pastoral.

"Well," he said, laughing, "it was more interesting at first. There was a function here, and I was told off with my company to keep the crowd back. The people pressed the marching column, and as I passed along I said to the sentry at that point, 'The crowd must be kept back.' 'Yes, sir'—and I noticed that it was Private Shaunnessy, a good old vet, and passed on. Casually turning around, I beheld the greatest commotion and rushed back.

"'Stop, stop!' I yelled, 'I don't want you to kill them!' 'The crowd was flying from the quickly placed 'butts to the front,' and private Shaunnessy soon had room. 'My dear man, you must not kill them,' I said. 'I was not killing them, captain. I thought it best to assume a threatening attitude—sor.'

"Another soldier in dispersing a crowd pointed with his finger at them, and observed in a long southwestern drawl: 'Now—I—want—you people to get back.' I

Holy Week in Nicaragua



by M. Nephew King

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER

THIS MOVING PICTURE PASSED SILENTLY OVER THE CREST OF A HILL

IT IS DIFFICULT, if not impossible, for the stranger to fully realize what *Semana Santa* means to the natives of Nicaragua. It is the single green spot in a desert life, and their simple hearts turn to it as to some sweet vision of the night. To the dark-eyed *señorita* it recalls fleeting hours of happiness—a brief emancipation from the bondage of the hated *duenna*.

Is it strange, then, that the lower classes should be willing to work like slaves throughout the entire year in order that they may live in "sweet idleness" during the ceremonies and festivities of Holy Week? Do you wonder that their religion is infused into every sport and pleasure? And why should it not be? Deprived, as they are, of the amusements enjoyed in other countries, and having little or no opportunity for social intercourse, it is only during their fiestas that the sexes are brought together. Hence *Semana Santa* means to them diversion, relaxation and duty—all happily blended.

This weird drama of the Passion of Christ seems to be a union of Spanish fanaticism and Indian superstition, and has had a potent influence upon the civilization of Central America; indeed, it is hard to tell whether the Indian has been merged into the Spaniard, or the Spaniard into the Indian. Certain it is, however, that both of these strange types, dwelling along the shores of Lake Nicaragua, can be impressed only by outward forms of pomp and ceremony. The processions, therefore, that one sees during Holy Week in Spanish America possess a degree of weirdness not to be found in any other part of the civilized world. However idolatrous or ludicrous these religious functions may appear to the non-Catholic eye, no one who has lived among these peculiar people—changed but a title since the days of the conquest—and studied their daily life, their pleasures, and their sorrows, can fail to appreciate the lessons taught by the Passion of the Saviour.

Regard Christianity in Central America as tyrannical or oppressive if you will, it is the one link that binds the ignorant Indian to civilization. At the best, he is but a child, and as such his enthusiasm can only be aroused by object lessons—a system that has been adopted in our own "kindergartens." Take away his blind faith, and he will relapse again into a state of semi-barbarism. How can this pious devotion be sincere, you may ask, among a class of people proverbial for the looseness of their morals? The only answer is that the warm, impulsive Indian, under a tropic sky, can scarcely be judged by the same standard as the sluggish Esquimaux. No one is a saint until he has been tempted; and the steel is only valued after it has passed through the fire. Give the Indians of Nicaragua the advantages of culture and refinement—impress upon their simple minds the sanctity of the marriage tie—and you would find among them less divorce and scandal than you do among the vaunted civilization of our higher life.

Holy Week, coming as it does, at a time when the fruit trees of Nicaragua are laden with a golden harvest, seems to be the culmination of all festivities. There are other and lesser occasions of mirth, however, that, Squier says, "were formerly general holidays in which everybody dressed his best, and the more *bombas* fired and bells rung, the more *alegre* the occasion, and the greater the honor to some particular saint."

This distinguished writer on ancient Nicaragua speaks of a peculiar dance—one that I tried hard to witness, but which, I believe, now lives only in tradition. It generally took place during the fiesta of St. Andrew and was known as *Un baile de los demonios* (A dance of the devils). "The devils," he said, "were dressed in the most fantastic manner, wore masks and sported barbed tails. One shrouded in black displayed a green death's head beneath his half-parted veil, and kept time to the music with a pair of veritable thigh-bones. The dance, I should think, had been borrowed from the Indians; the music certainly was. It was almost unearthly, such as Cortez describes on the night of his retreat from Mexico.

From the dawn of Palm Sunday until midnight on Easter the towns and villages of Central America are given up to feasting and prayer. All work is suspended. The women, who throw away on dress all they have saved during the year, vie with each other in the gorgeousness of their gowns. These vary in color from bright scarlet on Sunday to deep black on Good Friday—indeed, it is said that the natives deny themselves even the necessities of life in order to be very *alegre* during *Semana Santa*. Sometimes unscrupulous merchants, taking advantage of the occasion, impress both men and women into their service, and agree to advance them a certain amount if they will work on starvation wages the remainder of the year. Fortunes are often spent in costuming the figures representing the Saviour, the saints, and lesser divinities. On the person of the "sacred donkey," supposed to bear the body of the Lord through the streets on Palm Sunday, I counted many thousand dollars in jeweled bridle, silver stirrups, and other ornaments.

The ceremonies of *Semana Santa* amounted to little or nothing in Greytown, and I was advised to visit the great cities on the Pacific coast if I would learn something of the country and its people. After a long and tedious journey up the San Juan River and across Lake Nicaragua, I was more than gratified when we rounded Corales Island and I saw the peaked roof of the old cathedral of Mercedes glistening in the afternoon sun.

"You will see to-night, on the shores of the lake, the great fruit festival of *Sábado de Ramos*," said an old Nicaraguan soldier whom I met on the steamer. "And to-morrow, in Granada, my soldiers will take part in the ceremonies of *Pascua Florida*."

Go where you will in Nicaragua—to the dance, to the bull-fight, to the church, and even to the funeral—and you will find there the soldier. Though his uniform may consist of a simple suit of blue jeans, his hat an old crownless derby, and his shoes a pair of russet ones donated by generous nature, he is still a gallant

defender of his country, the pride of the women, the envy of the men. And it would be fatal to the stranger were he to incur the displeasure of the military during Holy Week; for they are the police as well, and their word is law. I, therefore, considered myself fortunate in possessing a letter of introduction to the Comandante of Granada, who, to my surprise, detailed a young officer of infantry to act as my escort and interpreter.

The day after my arrival in Granada, as I sat enjoying a cigarette and tiste, under the shade trees of the Hotel de los Leones, my young military friend tapped me on the shoulder and announced that it was time to wander toward the lake. It was not yet dark, and still all Granada seemed to follow in our wake. Veiled women, naked children, and hooded priests jostled against each other on the way to this Mecca by their inland sea. Out of Granada's twelve thousand souls, I was told eleven thousand would eat the fruit of *Sábado de Ramos* that night. We reached the shore just as the day gave one lingering gasp, and darkness shrouded the distant mountains. The scene before us was one that the pen of Theophile Gautier might picture—no other.

Across the lake you could trace the faint outlines of the peaks of the Cordilleras tipped with silver by the fast rising Easter moon. To the south lay the silent volcanoes of Mombacho and Zapatero, the voices of which once spoke with awful grandeur; while far away to the northward the ever-living fires of Momotombo lighted the heavens. Now the fresh trade-winds scatter diamond showers over the surface of the lake, and the waves break upon the beach with a solemn roar. There, in the shadow of the mango trees, through which the pale moon struggles, are dark-eyed señoritas and their impassioned lovers. The drowsy tinkle of a distant guitar and mandolin blend upon the balmy air, and drown for the moment the murmuring voices. This is the single oasis in the desert of an Indian girl's life—the one golden moment when custom is thrown to the winds, and she may listen to the soft voice of her lover unseen and unheard. Could those dark trees but speak, what stories they might tell—what romances of a land where everything breathes of love and passion, not of gold—where the impulse of the moment is not weighed in the scales of a cold northern clime—where the tongue says that which the heart feels.

Around the flickering lights on the shore the fruit-sellers clustered and cried out their wares just as Squier says they did in days of old:

"Tengo naranjas, papayas, jocotes,
Melones de agua, de oro, zapotes,
Quiéren a comprar?"

"I have oranges, papayas, jocotes,
Melons of water, of gold, and zapotes,
Will you buy?"

None save those who have enjoyed the tropical fruit in its own genial home can appreciate the soft and juicy mango, rivalled only by the luscious lips of the Indian girl who offers it to you—or the dark-skinned *caimito*—a counterpart of her sensuous eyes.

Soon the eastern sky began to pale behind the mountains of Chontales, the soldiers held a hurried consultation, and decided to drive the noisy crowd back to the hot and dusty city. One by one the lights went out, and the revellers retired—each *señorita* to gather up the precious seeds of the fruit eaten; for these may recall, in years to come, some happy romance of *Sábado de Ramos* and that moonlight night upon the shores of the lake.

An old Nicaraguan advised me to go from city to city, if I wished to study the people and the different customs of the country. I, therefore, decided to pass a day at Masaya. Though this city claims more than ten thousand inhabitants, it is merely an Indian village. The old town was built at the foot of the great volcano known to the conquerors as *El Infierno de Masaya* (the Hell of Masaya). It was destroyed, by a violent erup-



INDIAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME

tion many centuries ago, but the monks advised to build another village *mas aya* (a little further on), and thus was the present city given its name.

The change from hot and dusty Granada, with its adobe houses and stuffy streets, to the primitive dwellings of Masaya and its cool avenues of green trees, was like a draught of sparkling water to the thirsty traveller. The little village resembled a well-kept garden, and as I rode over the smoothly-beaten streets, now and then resting under the shade of a mango tree, whose golden fruit gleamed in the sunlight, I said to myself, "This is indeed the land of Arcadia." The huts were all of wild cane, surrounded by tall fences of cactus or pinello. In front of each dwelling, rosy-cheeked Indian women were either spinning *cabollo* or weaving hammocks, while their noisy naked children played near by. It was a happy scene of peace and contentment, away from the noise and tumult of a busy world.

I was told that the ceremonies at Masaya would begin in the church of San Juan at daylight, but long before that hour I was awakened by the beating of drums and the shouting of men outside my window. I dressed and went out into the street. There, in the moonlight, I found a number of hybrid soldiers in every conceivable style of uniform. Some wore high hats cut down, some sombreros of straw or felt, and others none at all. Preceded by a few straggling musicians and a band of men said to be executioners, the party moved slowly down the street in the direction of the cathedral. Inside, there was a life-size figure of Christ, marked by bloody gashes on each cheek. It was robed in scarlet and green, and long curls hung far down the back. Around the statue were twelve little Indian boys, representing the Apostles. They were dressed in purple gowns, and wore green turbans. The *padre* came out, and after offering incense to the figure, directed a number of acolytes with crucifixes and candles to lead the way down the aisle. Amid the ringing of bells and booming of guns, the image of Christ was raised upon the shoulders of four men, surrounded by the little apostles. In the rear came the *padre*, followed by a multitude of women and children. After looking upon this scene, I could easily understand why an old Indian had tried to borrow my tennis suit the previous evening. His little son, it seems, was to be one of the twelve apostles, and at that time his costume had not yet arrived from Granada.

After marching about two blocks, the roll of a drum called the faithful to attention. Some function of importance was evidently about to take place. Running ahead, I saw several men endeavoring to adjust the wide sombrero on the figure of Christ. The wind had blown it off, and with the hat came also the wig of curls. Impressed as I was with the solemnity of the occasion, and the serious faces of the Indians, it was impossible to suppress a smile, when I saw that in replacing the wig it had been reversed. Scarcely had I done so before a number of Indians cried out:

"*Extranjero sacrilegio!*" (Sacriligious stranger!)

All eyes were immediately fixed upon me, and my young military friend led me away by a side street, remarking: "It is worth more than your life to be caught laughing on such an occasion as this." After a two hours' march, winding in and out of the green gardens of Masaya, the procession reached the church of San Juan, where the *padre* blessed the multitude, and then dismissed them.

In the evening I witnessed the most picturesque procession that had yet taken place. It was known as *La Procesion de las Animas* (the procession of the souls in purgatory). At nightfall, a number of drummers and buglers went around the streets gathering up the straggling soldiers, who by that time had indulged rather freely in *aguardiente*. At the church of La

Paroquia, once bombarded during Walker's filibustering expedition, I found a number of people kneeling around a figure of Christ dressed in white. The hands were tied behind his back and a crown of thorns was upon his head. On the same pedestal, directly under the feet of this figure, were the nude images of a man and woman surrounded by flames. These were the souls in purgatory. On the right was a figure of the Virgin, wearing a crown of beaten gold; on the left, another of San Juan resplendent in yellow robes.

The faithful now began to fill the church, which was dimly lighted by greasy candles. In a few words, the *padre* told the story of the Passion of the Saviour, and exhorted his flock to take part in the procession with a fervent spirit. Soon the traditional Indian violins were being tuned to produce sounds that would have tortured even the souls in purgatory, could they have heard them. After the musicians came a few acolytes, carrying crucifixes and large wax candles, and then a number of Indian women, each with a

to begin on the night of *Sábado de Ramos*, it is not until Palm Sunday that the ceremonies proper are inaugurated. After my return to the hotel I endeavored to learn the hour that the ceremonies were to begin in the morning. This was, indeed, a difficult task—no two Granadinos agreeing as to the time.

About nine o'clock an odd crowd began to fill the church. Old Indian women, withered and wrinkled, beautiful young girls with scarlet passion flowers entwined in their dark hair, aristocratic daughters of Spanish grandees, naked children, mothers with babes at the breast, men in white cotton shirts and red *bandas*—all met at the foot of the altar, that one spot in the world where no caste is recognized. Small boys played tag. Dogs wandered about at will. Birds of rare and exquisite plumage flew in and out, mingling their soft sweet notes with the voices of the *pueblo* at prayer. The women all wore mantillas of gorgeous hues, none being allowed inside of the church without one of these picturesque head coverings. The view from the bell tower, as I looked down upon the kneeling

women, and saw blended together a thousand different colors, is still as fresh in my mind as it was on that eventful day.

In the midst of this impressive scene, a number of worshippers jumped up and exclaimed *Miral miral* (Look! look!). Old women, children and dogs, all rushed to the door. The "sacred donkey" entered, marched up to the foot of the altar, and there patiently awaited his part in the coming parade. The crowd followed, evidently regarding him as the leading spirit of the occasion.

The donkey detailed for duty in Granada was gotten up in a style that beggars description. His ears and hoofs were covered with gilt paper, and the entire body was bespattered with silver stars, crescents, and other ornaments. The tail was done up in many colored ribbons, which floated far to the rear. In the centre of an old-fashioned Spanish bridle of pure silver was an immense ruby; and from the saddle were suspended stirrups, also of solid silver. The saddle cloth contained the monogram of the church, and was decorated with wild flowers. As the donkey stood patiently awaiting the figure of the Lord which he was to bear through the streets of the city, I decided to make a sketch of him. As soon as my pencil and paper were seen, I was surrounded by several hundred natives. In their eagerness to see what I was doing they almost tore the sketch from my hands. A pretty little Indian girl, after admiring the drawing, turned to me and said:

"*Hay cosas tan bonitas en su pais?*" (Do you have such pretty things in your country?)

At ten o'clock a few musicians began to straggle into the church. First, there came a big Indian with a little violin, then a little Indian with a big violin. Next followed a solitary flute player, and after him a small boy pounding a bass drum. The violinists now began to tune their instruments, the donkey was backed up to the altar, and the figure of the Lord placed astride him.

A few small boys, mischievous here as elsewhere, began to tease the sacred animal by pulling the ribbons on his tail. The donkey pricked up his ears and lifted his feet high in the air, throwing the sacred image down upon the hard tiled floor. This sacrilegious action on the part of the boys created some indignation among several Indian women, who administered then and there well-merited punishment. The figure was once more raised, and the musicians moved down the aisle, followed by the donkey, over which a canopy was held by four stalwart Indians.

Outside, the soldiers, preceded by a brass band, were marching toward the church to join the procession. Amid the ringing of bells and explosion of bombs they fell in the rear, and the grand procession, led by an old bald-headed Indian, proceeded through the streets of the city to the cathedral of Mercedes.



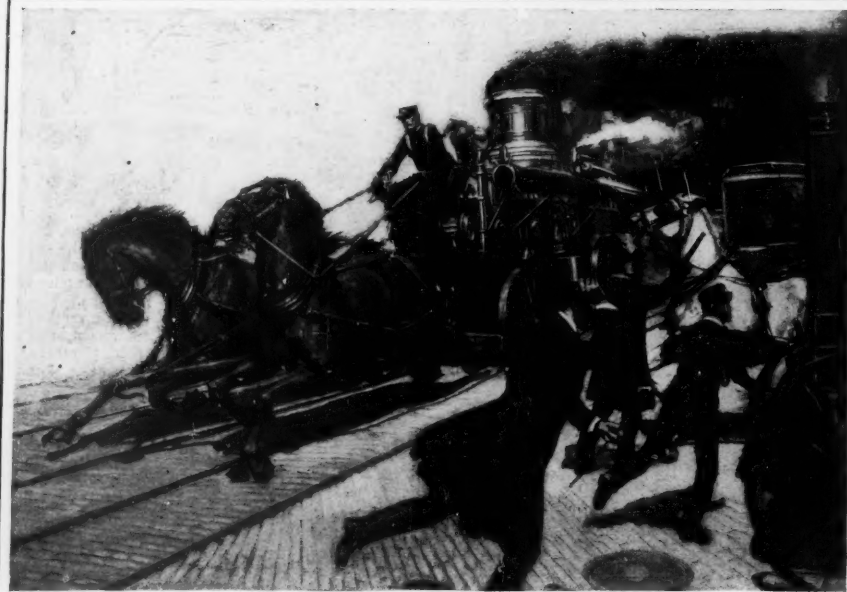
DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER

IN THE SHADOW OF MANGO TREES ARE DARK-EYED SENORITAS AND THEIR LOVERS

lighted taper, some of which were protected by coverings made of leaves, while others were exposed to the wind. In conversation with an old woman, I learned that it was believed if an unprotected candle burned throughout the entire procession, an indulgence of many years would be granted the soul after death. If a shade of any kind was used, however, only one hundred days could be expected. I could scarcely understand how any one shared this belief, but the old woman assured me that everybody did.

Far in the rear of the procession was the figure of the Saviour, surrounded by a number of naked children wearing scarlet cloths. They were also supposed to represent "souls in purgatory." After them came all of the young girls of Masaya, each carrying a lighted taper, and then the figure of the Virgin, her golden crown flashing in the moonlight. As this moving picture wound in and out of the silent streets, now on the crest of a hill, from which the old volcano of Masaya seemed bathed in silver mist, then down into some dark valley that almost shrouded the many twinkling lights, it was a scene weird and characteristic—one that could not fail to impress the simple-minded Indians.

Though the festivities of *Semana Santa* are supposed



DRAWN BY WALTER RUSSELL

THE WINDSOR HOTEL FIRE

NEW YORK, MARCH 17

THE CORONER'S INQUEST into the destruction of the Windsor Hotel, and the score of lives that perished with it on March 17, has brought out anew all the horrors of that ill-fated holiday in New York. The mass of testimony also serves to throw into strong relief the stories of woful incompetence or again of noble charity and of heroic performance of duty on the part of those who figured in the catastrophe.

So suddenly did the fire start, and so quick was the headway of the flames, that all was over in the course of a couple of hours.

A waiter, who saw the first lace curtains blaze up in flame from a lighted match carelessly tossed away by a smoker, could not cross the street to the nearest alarm box because a stupid policeman would not let him break through the parade, no matter on what pretext. Miss Helen Gould's cook, who saw smoke curling from the upper stories, and who succeeded in eluding the police lines to warn those within the hotel, could not get any one to believe him.

"Your hotel is on fire!" he shouted as he leaped into the entrance.

"Go to the devil!" answered the clerk at the desk. Dudley would not be rebuffed, but the clerk refused to pay any attention to him, so the frantic man turned to the cashier, and reaching over to touch him on the shoulder, repeated his warning. The cashier kept figuring up the columns in his ledger without even a glance at the intruder. In despair Dudley turned to a uniformed hotel attendant, and appealed to him to run up stairs and see for himself. Before this man could disengage himself an elevator car came plunging down with a frightful crash, followed by a thick cloud of smoke and blazing sparks and embers. Then at last the attendants were thoroughly aroused, but it was too late even to warn their manager's wife or daughters, let alone the other guests. At this hour of the day these were mostly women, many of them bedridden, among them immediate relatives of President McKinley.

As it happened, one of the carriages in the now thoroughly congested parade contained three commissioners of police. Beholding the confusion in the hotel they sprang from their seats, and calling the nearest policemen to their aid, rushed into the main entrance and to the office, whence they telephoned to headquarters, calling firemen and police to the scene. As soon as this was attended to they had their hands full saving bewildered women and panic-stricken children from the halls and stairways, filled with suffocating smoke. While this was going on below the people in the upper stories found themselves cut off from retreat. One brave woman, a professional nurse, assigned to the care of Manager Leland's invalid daughter, had the strength and pluck to carry her patient all the way down the fire escape. Picking her invalid up in her left arm, and using her right to grasp the rail, she climbed down the six flights of stairs and reached the second floor just in time to be cheered by the firemen forcing their way into the burning building. Those that were left behind, among them the sick girl's sister, died in the flames.

Throughout this turmoil there were many guests in the hotel who did not even know that it was afire. Thus when a part of the parlor floor blazed up in flames there were some thirty or forty little children in another room on that same floor taking a dancing lesson. This was at one corner of the building. As the room grew warm, the dancing teacher went to a window to raise the sash. As she did so the body of a falling person flashed by. Then the bodies of two women came tumbling down. The horrified dancing teacher turned, too frightened to speak. She did not realize that the hotel was on fire, but simply thought that a terrible thing had happened. Just then one of the maids, who had come to fetch one of the children home, entered the room. She went straight to the dancing teacher and whispered to her that the hotel was on fire. Without an-

other word the two women ranged the children in line ready to go. When the door was opened a cloud of smoke blew in, and the children drew back, whimpering. But they were kept well in hand, and holding fast to one another were started through the smoky corridor and down the stairs to a side door, whence they were taken across the street and into the house of a friendly neighbor.

What happened in the upper part of the building and on the roof at this same time is best told in the words of one of the survivors, a chambermaid. This is her story: "I was on the sixth floor when I smelled smoke. I ran to the door and found the hall full of smoke. There was no time to be lost. I thought of the roof. I ran to the tower on the Fifth Avenue side, for I knew that some of the girls were there. I burst into the room and hollered 'Fire!' In the room were Katie Flannagan, Lizzie Connors and a woman and baby. I forgot their names. I opened a window and squeezed through. Katie Flannagan tried to come after, but she is stout and got stuck in the window. I pulled with all my might, but could not get her through. She gave up, and said 'Good-by, Bridget.' Lizzie and her friends, the woman and the baby, also got on the roof, but I don't know how. We had a terrible time. The men were worse than the women. They tore around the roof like mad, looking for some way to get out. It was just like the poor wild beasts in cages. Old man Connelly was roaming the roof like a tiger, cursing dreadfully. 'Damn the parade!' he cried. 'If it wasn't for that I would not be here.' The woman with the baby seemed dazed-like. She just stood still and did nothing. Katie Flannagan dropped on her knees in the middle of the roof and prayed. As for me, well I just seemed to get wild-like, and didn't know what I was doing—dazed-like, you know. I picked up pebbles from the roof and threw them down to the crowd below—just as if they couldn't see us anyhow! I'll never forget one man's face as long as I live. He looked like a corpse. He walked up and down as if he didn't know where to turn. 'We must die,' said he, over and over again. I looked over the edge of the roof and saw the fire-escape on the sixth floor—my own floor. Many a time I had swept and cleaned it; but how far down it looked now! I let myself over the edge of the roof and dropped. I felt somebody's hands take hold of my feet and ankles, then I knew no more till I found myself lying on my back on the top of the fire-escape. There was a man there beside me. 'Get up and climb down!' he yelled. And I went."

All those who remained on the roof perished in the flames. Those who jumped dashed their lives out in the street below. Others who tried to slide from the upper story windows by the ropes that had been provided for such an emergency slid so fast that they burned their hands and fell from the ropes. These were chiefly women. Most of the men came down the ropes hand-over-hand, and thus saved their lives; but all those who let themselves down into the inner court were lost.

The firemen did wonders. One minute after the first alarm was turned in the first fire engine plunged down the avenue and into the dense crowd in front of the hotel. Before the men had time to turn on the water several of their number had swarmed up the outer walls of the building and rescued women who were on the point of jumping to destruction. As more firemen arrived it seemed as if the brave fellows were courting certain death. Two of them saved three women by swinging them across a yawning chasm with no other foothold but a narrow window ledge, and passed them down by dint of scaling ladders. Then they repeated the performance, although one of the women they saved was so crazed with fear that she had first to be stunned with a blow. When the walls fell it looked as if a score of the firemen scrambling all over the burning building had been buried under the ruins, yet all managed in a

miraculous manner to extricate themselves from the murderous debris.

Nor were the firemen the only men who knew how to stand by their duty in the face of death. One unknown man stood in a flaming window frame, and without a sign of haste or fear carefully lowered one woman after another to the ground, until at last none were left within his reach. Then he came down the rope himself with wet towels wrapped about his hands.

Two elevator men stood by their cars while all was blazing about them, and made nearly a dozen trips to the top of the hotel, rescuing panic-stricken guests at every floor. Though their hair was singed off and their clothes caught fire, they stuck to their posts, and saved nearly a hundred persons before the elevator cars themselves caught fire and were consumed by the flames.

In the basement of the hotel was the engineer force, composed of twenty men, under a chief engineer and an assistant. As soon as the alarm was given the chief realized the danger of an explosion if the fire gained any headway. He ordered his men to bank the fires in the three engines which supplied the electric dynamos with power and three two hundred horse-power boilers which were used to generate heat for the building. As soon as he saw that the fire above was beyond control of the fire department he ordered his men to draw the fires from the bottom of the engines and to let the water run into them. This quickly brought the pressure in them down from one hundred pounds to twenty, thus eliminating all chance of explosion. The water faucets throughout the cellar were also turned on full. The chief electrician was bidden to turn off the switches providing electric current to the different parts of the house. This plunged the hotel into gloom and made it more difficult for some to find their way to escape; but, on the other hand, removed all danger from live electric wires dangling about the walls. The engineers finished their task in darkness; and then, when all that was possible had been done, came forth with several long ladders from the cellar and did their part in rescuing people from the hotel baths across the way, which were wrecked by the falling walls of the hotel proper.

Among those neighbors who distinguished themselves by the timely aid they gave to the victims of this terrible fire the foremost was Miss Helen Gould. Early in the proceedings, when the ambulances had given out and the police and firemen did not know where to turn with their dead and wounded, she threw open her house to all who might need shelter. While firemen were deluging the front of the house with water and playing streams into the flames from her roof, Miss Gould received the dead and dying and summoned physicians to attend to the worst cases. Soon every room in the house was filled, and even the stone steps leading to the front door were littered with the wounded. One woman died on the steps. When the walls of the burning hotel began to sway outward it appeared as if the Gould house would be covered by the falling mass, so the officers in charge of the firemen ordered the house to be vacated at once. This was done with admirable celerity.

Above all these scenes, as long as the doomed hotel remained standing, could be seen a big American flag. It had been hoisted in honor of the holiday, and floated over the central tower. The flag seemed proof against the red blaze that every now and then licked up the flag-pole. For nearly an hour it was the most conspicuous feature of the great fire. Just before the building collapsed a cloud of black smoke belched up from the roof and enveloped the central turret with its pole and flag. When the smoke lifted the flag was gone. It seemed as if the famous old hostelry had struck its colors at last. The same instant the whole outer wall tottered forward and fell with a crash into the street. It was the end of the Windsor Hotel.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



THE FIRST LADDERS UP



SETTING UP THE POLICE LINES



BEGINNING THE WORK OF RESCUE



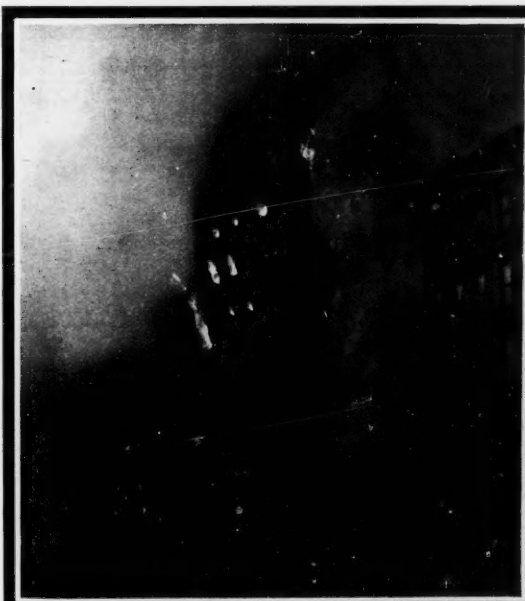
A RESCUE FROM THE FOURTH STORY



THE FIRE UNDER FULL HEADWAY



LADDER WORK BEFORE THE COLLAPSE



THE FALLING OF THE WALLS



THE COLLAPSE OF THE RUINED HOTEL

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, MARCH 17

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIEMAN AND HARE



THE
GIFT
OF
ROSES

BY
ALBERT
HERTER



THE W. T.
EVANS PRIZE
OF \$300 WAS
AWARDED TO
THIS PAINTING
AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE
AMERICAN
WATER COLOR
SOCIETY, NEW
YORK, 1899



AT COLUMBINE'S GRAVE

Ah, Pierrot,
Where is thy Columbine?
What vandal could untwine
That gay rose-rope of thine,
And spill thy joy like wine,
Poor Pierrot?

Ah, Pierrot,
The moon is rising red
Above thy grief-bowed head;
Thy roses are all shed.
And Columbine is dead!
Poor Pierrot!

Ah, Pierrot,
Kneel down beside her tomb.
The gray wind of the gloom,
In the world's empty room,
Has shut the door of doom.
Poor Pierrot!

Ah, Pierrot,
Is there not one sweet word
Of brook or breeze or bird
A mortal ever heard,
Could cheer thee—not one word,
Poor Pierrot?

Ah, Pierrot,
A thousand times the spring
Will come to dance and sing
Up the green earth, and bring
Joy to each living thing,
Poor Pierrot!

But, Pierrot,
When all that pomp shall pass
Her lowly house in the grass,
Will any say, "Alas,
Poor Columbine; alas,
Poor Pierrot?"

Ah, Pierrot,
Thy loving tears in vain
Shall fall like quiet rain
For her; till the stars wane,
She will not come again,
Poor Pierrot.

Yet, Pierrot,
The mighty Mother now
Hath her in care somehow.
Listen, and clear that brow:
"O earthling, grieve not thou,
Poor Pierrot!"

"Ah, Pierrot,
Here on my cool green floor
I do transmute, restore,
All things once fair before
To beauty more and more.
Poor Pierrot!"

BLISS CARMAN.





DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, TO THE BEAT OF DRUM, SHOUTED TO ALL THE PEOPLE TO TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO KING GEORGE THE THIRD

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Light is thrown on the mysteries of the toilette of a Colonial beauty and the conduct of an American household 125 years ago. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fowmes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist.

In the village tap-room a traveller, one Evatt, charges Fowmes with desertion from the service of King George. Evatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King.

Fowmes, who secretly loves Janice, becomes drill-master to the Brunswick Invincibles. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Hennion, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice. Fowmes becomes aide-de-camp to Washington. Evatt again appears, and Philemon Hennion goes on a mission to Lord Howe. Janice elopes with Evatt, but the two are intercepted by Fowmes, who is conveying powder to General Washington. War with England breaks out.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War, in which Fowmes, who has assumed the name of Brereton and is a colonel of the Colonial army, plays a prominent part. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fowmes. She recognizes him as her father's former bond-servant. The Royal army descends into New Jersey, driving Washington's army ahead. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued)



ARELY WAS THE OPERATION finished when the British Light Horse came wading out of the water and cantered up the river road to the green, the uniforms flashing brilliantly, the harness jingling, and the swords clanking merrily.

"There are troops worth talking about," cried the squire enthusiastically.

He spoke too quickly, for the moment the "dismount" sounded, twenty men were about the coach. "Too good horses for a damned American!" shouted one, and a dozen hands were unharnessing them on the instant. "A load of prog, boys!" gleefully shouted a second, and both doors were flung open, and the soldiers were quickly crowding each other in their endeavors to get a share. "Egad!" announced another, "but I'll have a buss and a tousel from yon lass on the box." "Well said!" cried a fourth, and both sprang on the wheel, as a first step to the attainment of their wishes.

Mr. Meredith, from the box, had been shrieking affirmations of his loyalty to King George without the slightest heed being paid to him, but there is a limit to passivity, and as the two men on the wheel struggled which should first gain the desired prize the squire kicked out twice with his foot in rapid succession, sending both disputants back into the crowd of troopers. Howls of rage arose on all sides, and it would have fared badly with the master of Greenwood had not the noise brought an officer up.

"Here, here!" he cried sharply, "what's all this pother about?"

"'Tis a damned Whig, who is—"

"A lie!" roared the squire. "There is no better

subject of King George living than Lambert Meredith."

The officer jeered. "That's what every rebel claims of late. Not one breathes in the land, if you'd but believe the words of you turncoats."

"It's not a lie," spoke up Janice, her face blazing with temper and her fists clinched as if she intended to use them. "Dadda always—"

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the officer, "what a pretty wench! Art a rebel, too? for if so, I'll see to it that guard duty falls to me. Come, black eyes, one kiss, and I'll send the men to right about."

Janice caught the whip from its socket and raised it threateningly, just as another officer from a newly arrived company came spurring up and, without warning, began to strike right and left with the flat of his sword. "Off with yer, yer damned rapscallions!" he shouted. "Lieutenant Bromhead, where are yer manners?"

"And where are yours, Mr. Hennion, that ye dare speak so to your superior officer?" demanded the lieutenant.

There was no mistaking Philemon, changed though he was. He wore a fashionable wig, and his clothes fitted well a figure that, once shambling and loose jointed, had now all the erectness of the soldier, but the face was unchanged.

"I'll not quarrel with yer now," swaggered Philemon. "If yer want ter fight later I'm your man, and if you want ter go before Colonel Harcourt with a complaint I'll face you. But now I've other matters." He turned to the trio on the box, and exclaimed as he doffed his hat: "Well, squire, didst ever expect sight of me again? And how do Mrs. Meredith and Janice? Stap my vitals, if I've seen such beauty since I left Brunswick," he added airily, and making Janice feel very much put out of countenance.

"Welcome, Philemon!" cried Mrs. Meredith, "and doubly welcome at such a moment."

"Ay," shouted the squire heartily. "Ye arrived just in the nick o' time to save your bride, Phil." A remark which sent the whip rattling to the ground from the hands of Janice. "An' thou a king's officer!" he ended. "Bubble your story to us, lad."

"There ain't much ter tell as you don't know already. Sir William put no faith in the news I carried, thinking it but a Whig trick, and so they held me prisoner. But later, when 'twas too late ter use it, they learned the word I brought them was true; so they set me free, and as there was no getting away from Boston, the general gave me a cornetcy, that I should not starve."

"I'll lay to it that there'll be no more starvation now that ye're back home," cried the squire. "though betwixt your cheating old sire, who'll pay no interest on his mortgages, and the merchants gone bankrupt in York, and now this loss of harvest and stock, 'tis like Greenwood will show but a lean larder for a time. But mayhaps, now that ye're gone up in the world, ye'd like to cry off from the bargain?"

"But let me finish the campaign by capturing Philadelphia, and dispersing Washington's pack of peddlers and jailbirds, which won't take more than a fortnight, and then you can't name a day too soon fer me, an' I hope not fer your daughter. You can't call me gawk any longer, I reckon, Janice?"

"You came nigh to losing her, Phil," declared Mrs. Meredith.

"Ay," added the squire. "Hast heard of how that scoundrel Evatt schemed—"

"Oh, dadda!" moaned Janice imploringly.

"No scoundrel is he, squire, nor farmer neither; he bein' Lord Clowes," asserted Phil. "He joined our army at New York, and is Sir William's commissary-general and right-hand man."

A more effectual interruption than that of the girl's prevented Mr. Meredith from enlarging upon the theme, for the bugle sounded in quick succession the "assembly" and "boots and saddies."

"That calls me," announced Phil with an air of importance. "We ain't goin' ter give the runaways no rest, you see."

"But, Phil," cried the squire, "ye'll not leave us to be again— And they've stole Joggles and Daisy, and all my hams and sides. You must—"

"I can't bide now," called back the corner, hurriedly taking his position just as the bugle called the marching order, and the battalion moved off after the retreating Continentals.

Helpless to move, the Merediths sat on their coach while an officer, accompanied by a file of soldiers and half a dozen drummers, took station at the Town Hall. First a broadside was posted on the bulletin-board, and the drums beat the "parley" long and loudly. Then the drummers and the file split into two parties, and, marching down the village street in opposite directions, the non-commissioned officers, to the beat of drum, shouted summons to all the population to assemble at the hall to take the oath of allegiance to "King George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth."

The first man to step forward to take the oath, sign the submission, and receive his pardon was the Hon. Joseph Bagby, ortswhile member of the Assembly of New Jersey, but now loudly declaring his loyalty to the crown, and his joy that "things were to be put in order again." The second signer was the publican; the third was Esquire Hennion; and after him came all the townsmen, save those who had thrown in their lot along with the parson that morning by marching off with Washington.

Mr. Meredith descended from his seat and waited his turn to go through what was to him a form, and during this time the ladies watched the troops being ferried across the river. Presently an officer rode up the river road, issuing orders to the regiments, which promptly fell in, while the rider halted at the tavern, announced the soon-to-be-expected arrival of Generals Howe and Cornwallis, and bade the landlord prepare his best cheer. While he spoke a large barge landed its burden of men and horses on the shore, and a moment later a dozen officers came trotting up to the tavern between lines of men with their guns at "present arms."

"What ho! Well met, friend Meredith," cried one of the newcomers, as the group halted at the tavern. "I was but just telling Sir William that the king had one good friend in Brunswick town, and now here he is!" Evatt, or Clowes, swung out of the saddle and extended his hand.

Although the squire had just recovered the whip dropped by Janice, he did not keep to his intention of laying it across the shoulders of the would-be abductor, but instead grasped the hand offered.

"Well met, indeed," he assented cordially. "'Tis a glad sight to us to see our good king's colors and troops."

"Sir William," called Clowes, "thou must know Mr.

Pears' Soap

"LILIES OF EASTER"

are not too high a comparison to apply to the purity of

Pears' Soap

which is such that it may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, even that of a new-born babe.

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell it.

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

20 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

Lambert Meredith, first, because he's the one friend our king has in this town, and next, because, as your commissary, I forbid ye to dine at the tavern on the vile fried pork or bubble and squeak, and the stinking whiskey or rum ye'll be served with, and, in Mr. Meredith's name, invite you and his Lordship to eat a dinner at Greenwood, where ye'll have the best of victuals, washed down with Madeira fit for Bacchus."

"Ay," cried Mr. Meredith, "the rebels have done their best to bring famine to Greenwood, but it shall spread its best to any of his Majesty's servants."

"Here's loyalty indeed," said Sir William heartily, as he leaned in his saddle to shake the squire's hand. "Damn your rebel submissions and oaths, not worth the paper they're writ on; but good Madeira—that smacks loyal and true on a parched tongue and cannot swear false. Lead the way, Mr. Meredith, and we'll do as much justice to thy wine as later we'll do to Mr. Washington, if we can ever come up with him. Eh, Charles?"

The officer addressed, who was frowning, gave an impatient movement in the saddle that seemed to convey dissent. "Of what use was our forced march," he demanded, "if not to come up with the fox before he finds cover?"

"Nay, the rebels are so little hampered by baggage that they can outstrip all save our Light Horse. And because they have the legs of us is no reason for our starving ourselves; the further they run the more exhausted they'll be."

"Well argued," chimed in Evatt. "And your Excellency will find more at Greenwood than mere meat and drink. Come, squire, name thy lady and Miss Janice to Sir William. In playing quadrille to win, man, we never hold back the queens."

All the horsemen uncovered to the ladies, as they were introduced, and Howe uttered an admiring epithet as his eye fixed itself on the girl. "The Queen of

done. Release them, but keep eye on each, and if they give the slightest cause, to the guardhouse with them. Now, Mr. Meredith."

"I must ask your Excellency's assistance to horse my coach, and his Majesty owes me a pair not easy to match, stole by your troops this very morning."

"Make note of it, Mr. Commissary, and see to it that Mr. Meredith has the two returned, with proper compensation. And Charles, if the theft can be fixed, let the men have a hundred stripes apiece. Unless a stop can be put to this plundering and raping we'll have a second rebellion on our hands."

Cornwallis shrugged his shoulders and issued the necessary orders. Then horses being secured for the carriage, the squire and dames, accompanied by the generals, set out for Greenwood.

It was long past the customary dining hour when the house was reached, and though Mrs. Meredith and Janice joined Sukey and Peg in the hurried preparation of the meal, it was not till after three that it could be announced. As a consequence, before the men had tired of the Madeira, dark had come. One unfortunate of the staff was therefore despatched to order the regiments to bivouac for the night.

"Tell the commissaries to issue an extra ration of rum," directed Sir William, made generously minded by the generous use of the wine. "And now, friend Lambert, let's have in the spirits, and if it but equal thy Madeira in quality we'll sing a Te Deum and make a night of it."

Janice, at a call from the host, brought in the squat decanters, and the general insisted, with a look which told his admiration, that his first glass should be mixed by the girl.

"Nay, nay," he cried, checking her as she reached for the loaf sugar. "Put it to thy lips, and 'twill be sweeter than any sugar can make it. Take but a sip and give us a toast along with it."

As a result, Evatt won easily; but the gain in purse did not seem to cheer him, for he looked discontented even as he pocketed his winnings. And as every gallant speech the general made the girl had deepened this look, the cause for the feeling was not far to seek.

Dinner eaten, the general, without leaving the table, lapsed into gentle, if somewhat noisy, slumber, and his superior thus disposed of for the moment, Evatt sought Janice, only to find that two young fellows of the staff, having abandoned the bottle before him, had the longer been enjoying her society. He joined the group, but, as on the preceding evening, Janice chose to ignore his presence. What he did not know was something said before his entrance, which had much to do with the girl's determination to punish him.

"Who is this person who is so intimate with Sir William?" she had asked the general's secretary.

McKenzie gave his fellow-soldier a quick glance which, manlike, he thought the girl would not perceive. "He's commissary-general of the forces," he then replied.

Janice shrugged her shoulders. "Thank you for enlightening my ignorance," she said ironically. "Let me add in payment for the information that this is a spinet."

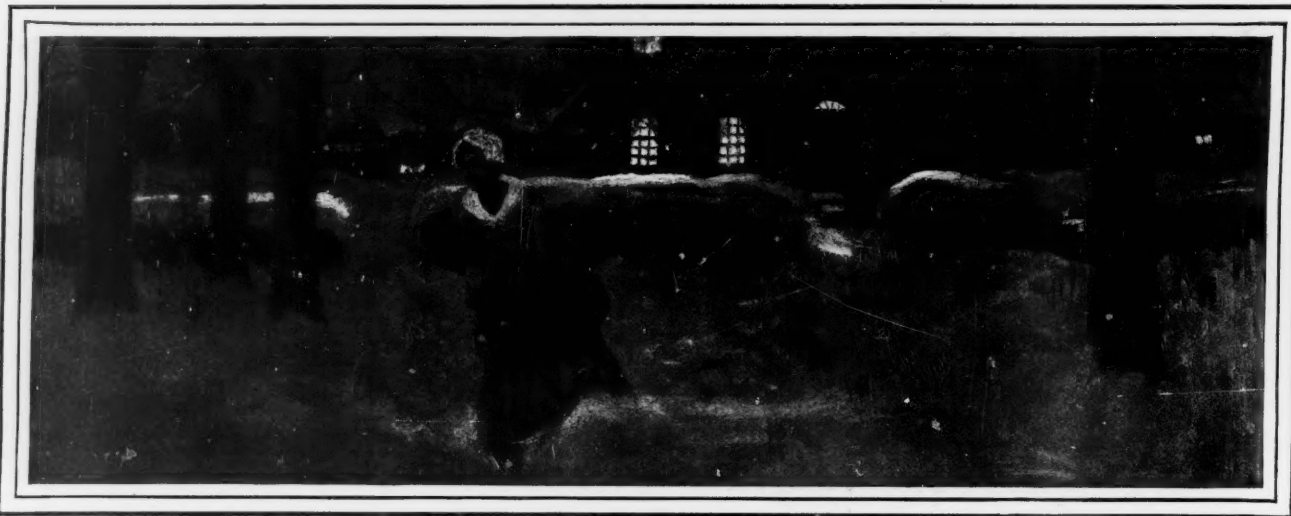
Again McKenzie exchanged a look with Balfour. The latter, however, after a glance at the door, said, in a low voice: "He's no favorite with us; that you may be sure."

"He— Is he— Is Baron Clowes his true name?" Janice questioned.

"More true than most things about him," muttered McKenzie.

"Then he has another name?" persisted the girl.

"A half-dozen, no doubt," assented Balfour. "There are dirty things to be done in every kind of work, Miss Meredith, and there are always dirty men ready to do them. I'd not waste thought on him. Knaves go to



DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

SHE STRUGGLED ON THROUGH THE WAXING DRIFTS TO THE STABLE DOOR

Hearts scores, and the game is won," he cried. "Ho, Charles, art as hot for the rebels as thou wert a moment since?"

"I still think the Light Horse had best be pushed, and should be properly supported by the grenadiers."

"Nay, wait till Knyphausen comes up, and then we'll—"

"Tis no time to play a waiting game."

"Tush! Lord Cornwallis," replied Sir William irritably. "The infantry have done their twenty miles to-day. I'll not jade my troops into the runaway state of the rebels. What use to kill our men, when the rebellion is collapsing of itself?" During all his argument the commander-in-chief kept his eyes fixed on Janice.

"I can't but think—" began the Earl.

"Come, come, man," interjected Howe, "we mustn't let the Whigs beat us by starvation. Must we, eh, Mr. Meredith?"

"Twould be a sad end to all our hopes," assented the squire. "And while we have to do with rebels, let me point out to you the two most malignant in this town. There stand the precious pair who have done more to foment disloyalty than any other two men in the county." It is needless to say that Mr. Meredith was pointing at Squire Hennion and Bagby, who, more curiously than wisely, had lingered at the tavern.

"He lies!" and "Tain't so!" shrieked Hennion and Bagby in unison, and each began protestations of loyalty, which were cut short by Sir William, who turned to Cornwallis and ordered the two under arrest, pending further information.

"Now we'll see justice," chuckled the master of Greenwood gleefully. "If ye'll not pay interest on your debts I'll pay interest on mine—ay, and with a hangman's cord belike."

"But I signed a submission and oath, and here's my pardon," protested Bagby, producing the paper, an example that Hennion imitated.

"Damn Campbell's carelessness!" swore Howe. "He deals pardons as he would cards at piquet, by twos, without so much as a look at their faces. A glance at either would have shown both to be rapscallion Whigs. However, 'tis done, and not to be un-

And the general caught at the girl's free hand and tried to put his other arm about her waist.

"Oh fie, Sir William!" called Clowes, too flushed with wine to guard his tongue. "What will Mrs. Loring think of such talk?"

"Think! Let her think what she may," retorted the general, with a laugh. "Dost thou not know that woman is never sweeter than when she is doubtful of her empire?"

Janice, with heightened color and angry eyes, eluded Howe's familiarities by a backward step, and, raising the glass, defiantly gave "Success to Washington!" Then, scared at her own temerity, she darted from the room, in her fright carrying away the tumbler of spirits. But she need not have fled, for her toast only called forth an uproarious burst of laughter.

"I always said 'twas a rebellion of petticoats," chuckled Sir William. "And small blame to them when they sought to tax their only drink. 'Fore George, I'd rebel myself if they went to taxing good spirits unfairly. Ah, gentlemen, after we have finished with Mr. Washington next week, what sweet work 'twill be to bring the caps to a proper submission. No wonder Cornwallis is hot to push on and have done with the men."

The morrow found Sir William no less inclined to tarry than he had been the day before, and, using the plea that they would await the arrival of Knyphausen's force, he sent orders to the advance to remain bivouacked at Brunswick, much to the disgust of Cornwallis, who was little mollified by the consent he finally wrung from his superior to push forward the Light Horse on a reconnaissance, a task on which he at once departed.

Thus rid of his disagreeable spur, the general settled down before the parlor fire to a game of piquet with Evatt, not a little to the scandalizing of card-hating Mrs. Meredith. Worse still to the mother, nothing would do Sir William but for Janice to come and score for him, and it is to be confessed that his attention was more devoted to the black of her eyes and the red of her cheeks than it was to the black and red spots on the cards. Three times he unguarded a king in the minor hand, and twice he was capoted unnecessarily.

make up a complete pack as much as kings, you know," he finished, as Clowes entered the room.

Cornwallis returned at nightfall, with word of the junction of reinforcements; but, despite the news, it required all the urgency of himself and Clowes to induce the commander-in-chief to give the marching order for the next morning. Nor, when the hour of departure came, was Howe less reluctant, lingering over his adieux with his host and hostess, and especially with their daughter, to an extent which set the earl stamping with impatience and put a scowl on Clowes' face. Even when the general was in the saddle, nothing would do him but he must have a stirrup cup, and when this had been secured he demanded another toast of the girl.

"Come now, you gave Mr. Washington your good wishes last time, Miss Janice, runaway though he was. Canst not give a toast for the troops that don't run?" he pleaded.

Janice, with a roguish look in her eyes that boded no good to the British, took the glass and, touching it to her lips, said: "Here's to the army which never runs away, and which never—" Then she paused, and caught her breath as if wanting courage.

"Out with it! Complete the toast!" cried the general eagerly.

"And which never runs after!" ended Janice.

XX

THE EBB-TIDE

CLOWES LINGERED behind for a brief moment after the departure of Howe, in pretended desire to advise Mr. Meredith concerning the British policy about provisions and forage, but in truth to say a word of warning which proved that he already regretted having secured for his commander-in-chief the entrée of Greenwood.

"I heard Sir William say he'd bide with ye on his return from Philadelphia," the commissary told the squire in parting. "Have an eye to your girl, if he does. Though a married man, his Excellency is led off by every lacing-string that comes within reach."

(Continued on page 20)

Maule's Up-to-date Collection of 10 New Sweet Peas

Every flower lover will want these NEW SWEET PEAS. They embrace all colors and tints desirable, with beautiful form and delightful perfume. Unequaled for cutting. Their culture is easy, succeeding everywhere and with every one. Directions for culture with each collection.

Acacia. White, flaked and striped orange salmon.

Coquette. Deep primrose, tinted purplish rose.

Dorothy Tennant. Beautiful clear heliotrope.

Emily Henderson. Pure white. The hardiest white variety.

Extra Early Blanche Ferry. The earliest. Pink and white.

Gray Friar. Watered purple on white ground.

Hans. Bright fiery crimson. Best yet.

Metour. Bright orange salmon, with pink wings.

Ramona. Creamy white, splashed with pink.

Stanley. The best dark Sweet Pea. Deep maroon.

One packet of each of the above, 10 separate packets,
New Large-Flowering Sweet Peas, for only **20 cts.**

Maule's Collection of 6 Dazzling New Cannas

Cannas and Dahlias are now the reigning rage in floriculture. Cannas, whether grown for decorative plants in pots, or in beds upon the lawn, or in the city garden, are at all times beautiful and admirable. The following collection embraces the newest of the NEW ORCHID CANNAS.

Philadelphia. Large crimson scarlet flowers, measuring six inches across. Absolutely the largest and finest red variety.

Burbank. Flowers gigantic in size, semi-double. Color, pure canary yellow. Rich, green, thick foliage.

American Banner. Clear, orange scarlet with a broad band of pure yellow round the edge of each flower. Greatly admired.

Comte de Bouchaud. Called the Leopard Canna. The flowers, which are clear lemon yellow, are spotted all over with bright red spots. Large and handsome.

Ceres Charlotte. Intense velvety crimson, with a very broad and irregular band of golden yellow round each petal. A conspicuously showy Canna.

Salmon Queen. A pure brilliant orange Canna. The finest of its color yet offered. Perpetual blooming.

We will send, postpaid, to any address, one strong, blooming-size bulb
of the above Cannas, each distinctly labeled,

For only **75 cts.**

Maule's Banner Collection for 1899

Is the Best Floral Offer of the Year. 70 cts. worth of Flower Seeds for only 15 cts.

Pansy. New Mammoth Parisian, Stained and Striped. Vividly striped and distinctly beautiful.

New Hardy Sweet Pea, Pink Beauty. Blooms grow in clusters and are very attractive.

Butterfly Flower. A grand annual. All colors and types in this superb mixture.

Poppo. Double Pansy-flowered, snowball. Largest flowers, of matchless splendor.

New Double Pink, Fireball. A quick-blooming annual. Velvety blood-red flowers.

Verbena. Giant Striped and Notched. Large flowers and beautiful colors.

6
Packets
of
Flower Seeds
for only
15
cents

Maule's Special Pansy Offer

One packet each of 6 Fancy Mammoth Flowering Pansies (regular retail value 60 cts.) for only 25 cts.

Metzer. Bright yellow. Lower petals spotted brown; upper petals purple, edged.

Trinardian Golden Giant. Flowers 3 inches broad. Pure golden yellow. [yellow]

Trinardian Lord Beacraft. Rich deep purple violet. Very large flowers.

Emperor Frederick. New. Deep purple, margined yellow and scarlet.

Live King. One of the handsomest. Color, fiery reddish brown and yellow.

Victoria Red. A deep red color throughout, a color unusual in Pansies.

One Packet of each of the above 12 varieties of Flower Seeds, postpaid, for only 40 cts.

Everything

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sent, postpaid, upon
receipt of only

\$2.00

Maule's Bouquet Collection of 6 New Dahlias

No summer-flowering plant has made such rapid strides in popular favor as the Dahlia in the last few years. Its possibilities of form and combinations of colors seem to know no bounds.

At the last Philadelphia exhibit held in Horticultural Hall we were awarded a medal for best general display, and nine other medals and certificates for individual exhibits. At the last Dahlia Show held in New York City, although not in competition for prizes offered, we were awarded a special premium for general display of Dahlias. We offer herewith six of the finest Show Dahlias for general culture.

Misera. Resembles very much a fine-petaled Chrysanthemum. Color, soft yellow, overlaid soft pink, shading sometimes to bright reddish purple, beautiful and effective. 25 cents each.

Henry Patrick. The very best pure white Dahlia. Large double flowers, and is a continuous bloomer. 25 cents each.

Maid of Kent. Rich crimson, the tips of the petals snow white. Sometimes produces solid crimson flowers on the same plant. Very odd and showy. 20 cents each.

Swallow. A Tom Thumb variety; may be grown in pots as decorative plants. Flowers pure yellow, tipped and margined vivid red. 30 cents each.

Capitaine Jack. The best dark Show Dahlia. Color, rich velvety maroon, almost black. 25 cents each.

Iridescent. As its name implies, is of many colors. Orange-red and blue, and variegations. Very handsome. 25 cents each.

One good strong root of each of the 6 New Dahlias
mentioned above, postpaid,

For only **\$1.00**

The above collections are made up to suit either the country, suburban or city garden. They embrace only such varieties as require ordinary culture. The purchaser has the assurance that, with common attention, they will have success, and a bountiful supply of blooms that will be a source of constant pleasure the coming summer.

My Large Illustrated Catalogue—FREE

To all readers of Collier's Weekly who apply for it. It contains everything worth having, old or new, in Vegetable or Flower Seeds, Flowering Plants, Bulbs, etc. Hundreds of illustrations; four colored plates. It gives up-to-date cultural directions, and offers cash prizes to club agents. It is pronounced by all the brightest and best seed book of the year, and you need it before placing your order for 1899. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE,

1711 Filbert Street, Philadelphia



IT WAS ST. PATRICK'S DAY in New York. The annual parade of Irish societies filed up Fifth Avenue. From the windows of the Windsor Hotel curious faces gazed upon the dense throng.

Suddenly, in the restaurant, a red flare of flame blazed from a window whence but a moment before a man had watched the parade, idly smoking. A white-aproned waiter darted into the crowd in front of the hotel and made a dash for a red box across the street. Two policemen kept him from crossing the parade. "The hotel is on fire," gasped the waiter. Still they held him.

Then came a hundred-fold cry of "Fire!" and thick smoke rolled out into the avenue. The policemen rushed into the hotel; the waiter ran to the fire-box.

From the roof of the hotel rose a cloud of black smoke. Flames burst from the upper stories. Windows flew open and women shrieked for help. The paraders stood still and the avenue became choked with people.

In a moment the first fire engine came plunging through the terror-stricken crowd. High above, on a narrow window ledge, appeared a woman. For a few breathless seconds she wavered.

"Don't jump!" yelled the firemen as they sprang from the hook-and-ladder wagon. In a jiffy they had a ladder up, and the first man swung himself to the narrow window coping and grasped the woman about the waist before she knew what had happened.

She clung to him fiercely. From below came hoarse cries of warning. Another fireman ran up to help. Together they got her on the ladder, but half way down a sheet of flame enwrapped them. In her terror the young woman became so violent that the firemen were nearly thrown from the swaying ladder. Just then, luckily, the woman fainted in the arms of her rescuer, and was thus borne to the ground.

The immense throng that had witnessed this thrilling deed sent up cheer after cheer. But the brave men for whom the cheers were meant lost no time in returning to their grim duty. For them this was only the first rescue on that day of horrors.

whom the cheers were meant lost no time in returning to their grim duty. For them this was only the first rescue on that day of horrors.



FIGHTERS OF FIRE

THE FIRST RESCUE AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL FIRE

DRAWN BY F. C. YOH'N

JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 16)

The master of Greenwood privately thought that the precautionary advice as to his daughter might come with better grace from some other source, but both guest and host, for reasons best known to each, had tacitly agreed to ignore the past, and so the squire thanked his counsellor.

"You'll not forget to seek out my horses!" he added, when the commissary picked up his bridle.

"Assuredly not," promised Clowes. "How many didst say ye lost?"

"Two. All the Whig thieves left to me of the nine I had."

"Fudge, man! Say nothing of the Whig thieves, but lay them all to our account. We've plunderers in plenty in our own force, let alone the dirty pigs of Hessians, and King George shall pay for the whole nine."

"Nay, Lord Clowes, because I've been robbed I'll not turn—" began the squire.

"What is more," went on the benevolently-inclined officer, "I will tell ye something that will be worth many a pound. 'Twas decided betwixt Sir William and myself that we should seize all provisions and fodder throughout the province. But I need scarce say—"

"Surely, man, thou wilt do nothing as crazy as that," burst out Mr. Meredith. "Dost not see that it will make an enemy of every man from one end—"

"Which they are already," interrupted Clowes in turn. "'Tis our method of bringing punishment home to the scamps. We'll teach them what rebellion comes to ere we have finished with them. But, of course, such order does not extend to my personal friends, and if ye have any fodder or corn, or anything else thou canst spare, I will see to it that his Majesty buys it at prices that will more than make good to ye what ye lost through the rebels."

The squire made a motion of dissent. "The Whig rascals have swept my barn and storehouses so clean that I'll have to buy for my own needs, and—"

"Then buy what ye can hereabout before we begin seizing, and see to it that ye buy a good surplus which ye can sell to us at a handsome advance. Our good king is a good paymaster, and I'll show ye what it is to have a friend in the commissariat." With this Exatt put spurs to his horse, confident that he had more than offset any prejudice against him that might still exist in Mr. Meredith's mind. None the less, that individual stood for some moments on the porch with knitted brows, gazing after the departing horseman, and when he finally turned to go into the house he gave a

shake to his head that seemed to express dissatisfaction.

Although Mr. Meredith did not act upon the commissary's suggestion in securing a supply of provisions, there was quickly no lack of food or forage at Greenwood. From the moment that Brunswick was occupied by the British every one of Mr. Meredith's tenants, who for varying periods had refused to pay rent, adopted a different course and wholly or in part settled up the arrears owing. Most of them first endeavored to liquidate the claim in the Continental currency, now depreciated through the desperation of the American cause to a point that made it scarcely worth the paper on which its pseudo-value was stamped. The squire, however, with many a jeer and flout at each would-be payer for his folly in having taken the money, and his still greater foolishness in expecting to pay rent on leaseholds with it, declined to accept it. His refusal of each tender, which indeed had been expected, was usually followed by a second offer of payment in the form of fodder or provisions, or "in kind," as the leases then expressed it, and the moment the rumor went through the community that the British were forcibly seizing provisions every farmer hastened to save his entire surplus by paying it to his landlord.

Nothing better proved the hopeless outlook of the American cause than the conduct of Esquire Hennon, for that worthy rode to Greenwood, and after a vain attempt, like that of the tenants, to pay in the worthless paper money the arrears of interest on his mortgages, with a like refusal by Mr. Meredith, he completely broke down, and with snivels and wails besought his "dear old friend" to be lenient and forbearing. "I made a mistake, squire," he pleaded, "but I allus liked yer, and Phil he likes yer, and naow ye're too generous ter push things too far, I know."

"Huh!" grunted the creditor. "I said I'd make ye cry small, ye old trimmer. No, I won't push ye too far! I'll only turn ye out of Boxely and let ye be farmed on the town as a pauper. If I had the dealing with ye, ye'd be in the provost prison at York awaiting trial as a traitor. And my generosity would run to just six feet of rope."

Of the tide of war only vague rumors came back to the non-combatants, until at noon, a week later, Sir William, accompanied by two aides and an escort of dragoons, came cantering up.

"In the king's name, dinner!" he cried cheerily, as he shook the welcoming hand of the squire. "You see, Mr. Meredith, we've forgot neither thy loyalty nor thy Madeira. No, nor thy dainty lass, either—and so we are here again to levy taxation without

representation on them all. 'Tis to be hoped, Mrs. Meredith, that 'twill be met more kindly than our Parliamentary attempt at the same game. Ah, Miss Janice, thy face is a pleasant sight to look at after the bleak banks of the Delaware, at which we've been staring and cursing for the last five days."

"We hoped to hear of ye as in Philadelphia before this, Sir William," said the squire, so soon as they were seated at the table.

"Ay, and so did we all; but Mr. Washington was too quick and sharp for us. By the time we had reached Trenton, he had got safely across the river, and had taken with him or destroyed all the boats."

"Could ye not have forded the river higher up?"

"Cornwallis was hot for attempting something of the sort, but sight of the ice-floes in the river served to cool him, so he is going into winter quarters and will not stir from his cantonments until spring, unless the river freeze strong enough for him to cross on the ice."

"And what of the rebels?"

"'Tis sudden gone so out of fashion there is scarce one left. Washington has a few ragged troops watching us from across the river; but, except for these, there's not a man in the land who will own himself one. How many pardons have we issued in the Jerseys alone, Henry?" demanded the general, appealing to his secretary.

"Nigh six thousand, and at Trenton and Burlington, Mr. Meredith, the people are flocking in in such numbers that over four hundred took the king's oath yesterday," responded McKenzie.

"That shows how the wind holds, and what a summer's squall the whole thing has been," answered the host gleefully; "I always said 'twas a big windy bubble, that needed but the prick of British bayonets to collapse."

"There'll be little left of it by spring, I doubt not," asserted Howe. "In faith, we may take it as a providence that we could not cross the Delaware, for a three months will probably put an end to all armed opposition, and we may march into Pennsylvania with beating drums and flying colors. Even Cornwallis himself confesses that time is playing our game."

"Miss Meredith will be put to't to find a new toast," suggested Balfour.

"Well spoke," laughed his superior. "What will it be, fair rebel?"

"However," retorted Janice.

"Bravo!" vociferated the general. "Now indeed rebellion is on its last legs. You make me regret I can tarry but the meal, for when submission is so near 'tis a pity not to stay and complete it."



A MANILA CANNON WITH A HISTORY

The Filipinos captured this cannon from the Spaniards three days after Dewey's victory, May 1, 1898, and fired 386 shots at Blockhouse No. 1 with it, missing the mark every shot. The June rains undermined the breastworks and the gun plunged into the mud. The Filipinos, failing to resurrect the piece, posted a guard of honor and abandoned it.

"Was that why you left the Delaware, your Excellency?" asked Janice archly.

The color came flushing into Howe's cheeks, while both father and mother spoke sharply to the girl for her boldness and impertinence. But in a moment the general's good-nature was once more in the ascendant, and he interfered to save her from the scolding. "Nay, nay," he interjected. "Twas but a proper retort to my teasing. I left the Delaware, Miss Janice, because the Brune frigate sails for England in three days, and there are despatches to be writ and sent by her. And for the same reason I can tarry here but another hour, much as I should like to stay. Mr. Meredith, 'tis a man's duty to aid a creditor to pay his debts. May I not hope to see you and Mrs. Meredith and Miss Janice at headquarters ere long? For if you come not willingly, I'll put Miss Janice under arrest as an arrant and avowed rebel, and have her brought to York under guard."

The departure of these guests gave but a brief quiet to the household, for two days later, at dusk, Clowes rode up, and his coming was welcomed all the more warmly, that his escort of half a dozen dragoons led with them Joggles and Jumper.

"Have in, have in, man," cried the host genially, "to where there's a fire and something to warm thy vitals."

"Curse thy climate!" ejaculated the newcomer as he stamped and shook himself in the hallway, to rid his shoulders and boots of their burden of snow. "The storm came on after we started; and six hours it's took us to ride from Princeton, while the wind blew so I feared the cattle would founder. But here's warmth enough to make up for the weather," he added, as he entered the parlor, all aglow with the light of the great blazing logs, and of the brush-wood and corn-cobs that Janice had thrown on their top when the horses had first been heard at the door. He shook Mrs. Meredith's hand, and then extended his own to Janice, only to have it ignored by her. In spite of this, and of an erect attitude, meant to express both distance and haughtiness, her flushed cheeks, and eyes that looked everywhere except into those

of the visitor, proved that the girl was not as unmoved as she wished to appear.

"Where are thy manners, Jan?" reproved the father, who, having declared an amnesty as regarded the past, forgot that his daughter might not be equally forgiving.

"Give Mr.—Lord Clowes thy hand, child," commanded her mother sternly, "and place a seat for him by the fire."

Janice pulled one of the chairs nearer to the chimney breast, and then returned to the quilting-frame, at which she had been working when the interruption came.

"Didst hear me?" demanded Mrs. Meredith. Janice turned and faced the three bravely, though her voice trembled a little as she replied: "I will not shake his hand."

"Yoicks! Here's a kettle of fish!" ejaculated the commissary. "What's wrong?"

"Janice, do as thou art told, or go to thy room," ordered the mother.

The girl opened her lips as if about to protest, but courage failed her, and she hurriedly left the parlor, and, flying to her room, she threw herself on the bed and wept out her sense of wrong on her pillow.

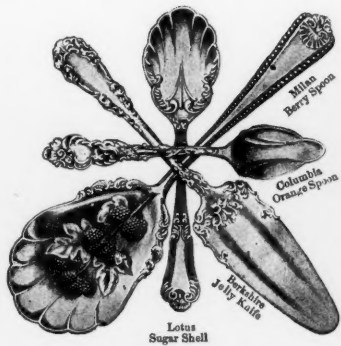
"I never would have, if he hadn't—and it wasn't I asked him to the house—and he took a mean advantage—and he wasn't scolded for it, nor shamed to all the people—and now they show him every honor, though he—though for a year it was held up to me."

Presently the girl became conscious of the clatter of knives and forks on plates in the room beneath her, and of an accompaniment of cheerful voices and laughter. Far from lessening her woe, they only served to intensify it, till finally she rose in a kind of desperation, wishing only to escape from the merry sounds. "I'll go and see Clarion and Joggles and Jumper," she thought. "They love me, and—and they don't punish me when others are to blame."

Not choosing to pass through the kitchen, where the dragoons would probably be sitting, she stole out of the front door, without wrap or caliche, and in an instant was almost swept off her feet and nearly blinded by the rush of wind and snow. Heeding neither, nor the

(Continued on page 28)

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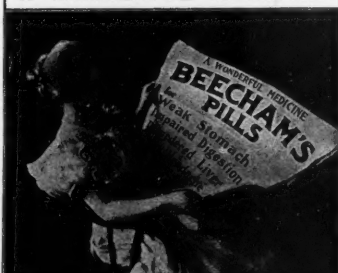
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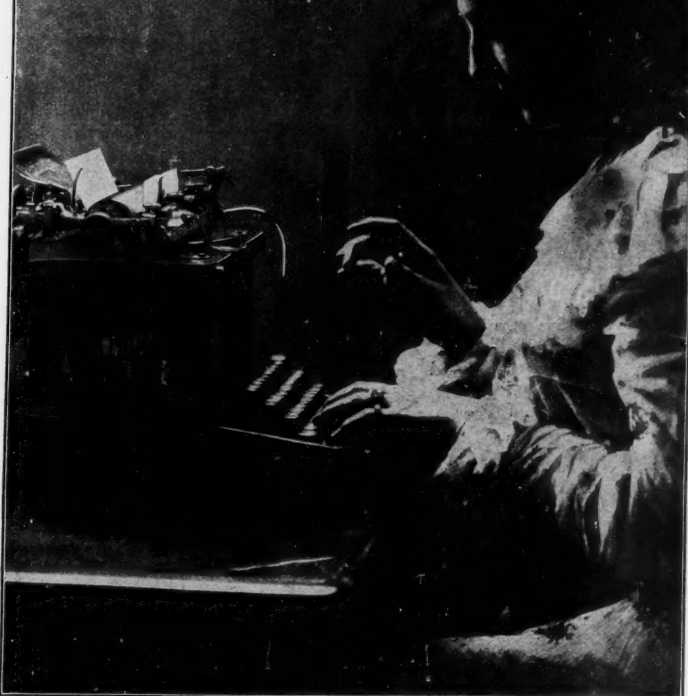
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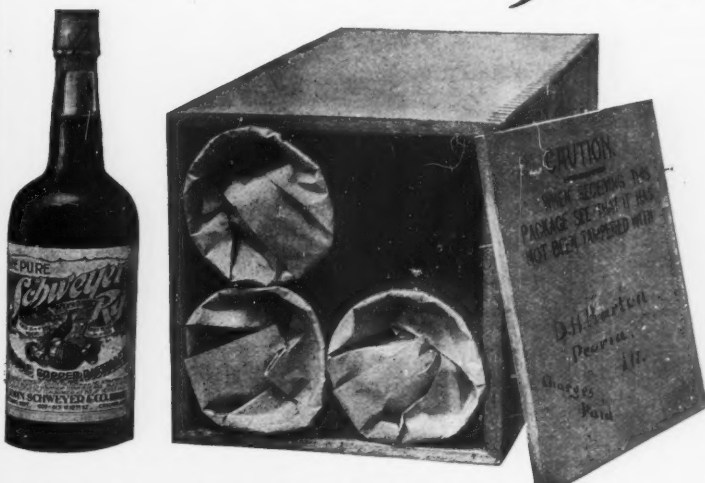
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THE DRAMA

MR. A. W. PINERO'S whimsical little comedy of theatrical life, "Trelawney of the Wells," might profitably have held the stage of the Lyceum Theatre till the end of the season. But Mr. Daniel Frohman was probably afraid to send his company out on the road with one play only; perhaps, too, he had in mind his experience with another whimsical Pinero piece, "The Amazons," which, after an enormous success at his theatre, failed to please the public outside of New York. At any rate, he has put on a new American work by Abby Sage Richardson and Grace Livingston Furniss, the authors of "A Colonial Girl," which Mr. E. H. Sothern gave last autumn to popular, though not to critical, approval. On the day after the first performance, "Americans at Home" was most enthusiastically condemned by the local reviewers. It seemed to me that they treated it harshly. Without being a good play, it had some very pretty qualities.

The authors were handicapped by beginning their task with a serious blunder. For the two threads on which to string their episodes, they chose motives that were practically identical. Two pairs of lovers become estranged through indifference and ambition and seek new ties. The younger pair, who furnish a good deal of the comedy, are finally reunited. The others supply the serious interest: the selfish and ambitious young woman marries a South African millionaire, with the expectation of making him her slave, but really meeting her master, and the disappointed young man turns through pique to the sweet girl, who, believing that he holds aloof because she is an heiress, almost proposes to him. Now both those motives, without being new, are serviceable; but brought together, they seem mechanical and not far from ludicrous. They are interwoven with some skill, however, and they create several comedy situations, some of which are original and clever. Others trite and foolish, and one strong scene, where the South African millionaire is seen in hot pursuit of his wife, whom he believes to have made a rendezvous with her former lover. The shattering weakness of the piece, however, is its lack of backbone. The serious interest is not kept strongly in mind, and its episodes are forced and artificial; the authors have to keep propping it up by theatrical devices to give it something like the semblance of reality. The best merit in the piece is the colloquial simplicity and the sprightliness of the dialogue. Such natural talk is seldom heard on the stage. So many dramatists make the mistake of thinking that dialogue to be good must be "literary," like the language of stilted books. The piece will probably be regarded as one of the Lyceum's failures; but it is by no means an inglorious failure.

The performance deserves to be recorded as one of the greatest triumphs of the Lyceum Stock Company. There was not a weak spot in the cast, and several of the rôles were superbly played. The best work was done by Miss Elizabeth Tyree in the subordinate, but by no means inconspicuous, part of a quick-witted American girl with a curious mixture of ingenuousness and knowingness. Miss Tyree acted with a perfect comprehension of the character and with a humor that is seldom found among our actors. Mr. William Courtleigh, as the South African millionaire, gave a performance that showed remarkable reserve. After his delicious comedy acting in "Trelawney," it was the finest acting he has ever done in New York, and it places him among the ablest half dozen of our younger players. Mr. E. J. Morgan found the part of the jilted lover who marries through pique wholly suited to his gloomy temperament, and Miss Mannering was charming as the heiress. In the character of the ambitious girl who marries for power, Miss Hilda Spong revealed great beauty, which had been ab-



Miladi
(Miss Bates)

D'Artagnan
(Mr. O'Neill)

SCENE FROM ACT III, "THE MUSKETEERS," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

surdly disguised in "Trelawney," as well as an astonishing talent for serious work. She is a very welcome addition to the already large colony of English actors in this country. A newer acquisition is Miss Grace Elliston, formerly Miss Grace Rutter, a pretty girl who played very easily and naturally.

At last we have, at the Broadway Theatre, the much-heralded Sidney Grundy version of "The Three Musketeers," with Mr. James O'Neill as D'Artagnan and Miss Blanche Bates as Miladi. Let me say at once that it is immensely superior to the version now given at The Knickerbocker by Mr. Sothern. "The Musketeers" is the kind of romantic play that I can enjoy; there is some sense at the base; the action develops logically, and the characters speak and carry themselves like human beings. Of the two productions, it would be hard to say which is the more sumptuous; it is practically neck and neck between them. I can well believe that the Liebler Company spent twenty thousand dollars on the Grundy version, just as I can believe that the Hamilton production cost Mr. Sothern seventeen thousand. But, as regards the acting, the Grundy version obviously carries off the honors. Compared with Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Sothern is a novice. What an actor that man is! And why don't we see him oftener in New York? I hadn't seen him since the days when "Monte Cristo" was a novelty, and I had forgotten what a master he was. His technique is as fine as Mrs. Kendal's, and Mrs. Kendal knows her business if an actress ever did. He has facility, grace, a luminous intelligence, and, best of all, the quality that Mr. Sothern lacks so woefully, the quality that I am always insisting on as indispensable even to the most serious actor, humor. Where Mr. Sothern would be tempted to be sentimental or tearful, Mr. O'Neill turns swiftly away from bathos with a humorous lift of his voice, a smile, or a roguish glance of the eye. And yet, on the night when I saw him, he was suffering from such a cold that he could speak only with the greatest difficulty. But how cleverly he managed his voice! Without once speaking above the conversational tone, he made D'Artagnan a vivid figure, full of life and chivalry and gayety. It was altogether a very beautiful performance. Equally good, on different lines, was Miss Blanche Bates. She actually kept the wicked Miladi human, and at the same time she brought out all the selfishness and the devilish hate in the woman. Her acting clinched the hold she had secured on the New York public by her performance of the Countess in "The Great Ruby." She is going to be a brilliant figure on our stage. Her face, full of character, shows that she is not likely to be spoiled by falling into stage tricks. Among the other players, Miss Judith Berolde, just returned to the stage, should be mentioned for the gorgeous figure she presented as Anne of Austria. Miss Berolde is remembered by theatre-goers of several years ago as a promising actress who left the theatre to become the wife of Mr. Edward Marshall, the newspaper writer. JOHN D. BARRY.

THE OPERA

THE SECOND performance of Luigi Mancinelli's new opera but accentuates the success of the first. The composition is a network of delicious melody, the beauties of which are enhanced by closer acquaintance with them. The idyllic quality of the libretto and score is uninterrupted and harmonious throughout, and each of the three parts of Ero, Leandro, and Ariafarne contain valuable numbers. Madame Eames's Ero is a classic, and, withal, a charming impersonation, which might, however, be of greater value if this *prima donna* could be prevailed upon to show less intrusive remembrance of her own personality, a tendency which keeps her outside of her rôle, and needlessly arrests the importance her work would otherwise attain to, coupled as it is with an unusual degree of personal grace and beauty.

There were several notable features in what might be termed the second farewell appearance (for the season) of Victor Maurel. One of these was the presence in the audience of many of the principal singers of the company, who attracted as much attention between the acts as did the artists engaged in the performance; another was the first appearance of Suzanne Adams as Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni," an opera which has had an almost unprecedented number of repetitions during the past winter, and always with some novelty in so far as the *prima donna* have been concerned. With such changes from time to time the performances of this favorite work of Mozart's, which requires a triumvirate of fine soprano voices, have been of varying value. The latest interpreters of Elvira and Zerlina to be noted are Miss Adams and Marie Engel. These singers, together with Madame Nordica, who again sang the part of Donna Anna, presented the unusual picture of three American *prima donne* appearing simultaneously in Grand Opera, an event which calls to mind the fact that the list of great operatic sopranos is being made up more and more largely of natives of this country.

Madame Nordica's treatment of the principal rôle in "Don Giovanni" is known and admired. Marie Engel's Zerlina was surprisingly graceful and agile, and although in her rendering of the music one missed the perfect elocution, delicate phrasing and florid embellishments of Madame Sembrich (the first to sing the part during this season), there was a recompense in Madame Engel's naivete of action, sympathy of voice and pretty personality that made the substitution a happy and altogether pleasing one. The interest of the evening was, however, centred upon Suzanne Adams, who, in assuming the part of Donna Elvira, essayed the heaviest work she has attempted in America. It is pleasing to record that the young singer acquitted herself with more distinction than in any other part in which she has appeared heretofore; this, despite her occasional failure to promptly take up her "cues" and her evident lack of acquaintance with the "stage business" of the part. Yet in view of Miss Adams's pale performances as Juliette, Marguerite, Michaela and Margherite de Valois, which have all been marred by weak conventionality and self-consciousness, her singing of Donna Elvira must be noted as the first real proof this new singer has given to the public that the confidence the management has shown in her ability to presently take a first rank among operatic sopranos has been well placed. In the earlier acts of "Don Giovanni," the parts of the opera with which she was evidently most familiar, her acting was intelligent and earnest, and in the rendering of the music the unusually sweet and pure quality of her voice was revealed as it has not been in any of Miss Adams's previous appearances. It is an additional testimony to Manager Grau's astuteness in securing this latest *prima donna* for next winter's work.

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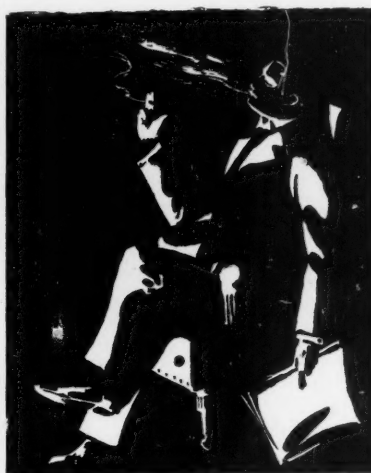
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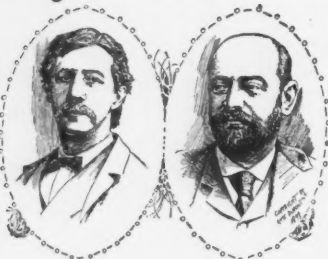
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JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 21)

instant wetting of her slipped feet, she struggled on through the waxing drifts to the stable door. With a sigh of relief that the goal was attained, she passed through the partly open doorway and paused at last, breathless from her exertion.

On the instant she caught her breath, however, and then demanded, "Who's there?" A whinny from Joggles was the only response. Taking no heed of the horse's greeting, Janice stood, listening intently for a repetition of the sound that had alarmed her. "I heard you," she continued, after a moment. Then she gave a little cry of fright, which was scarcely uttered when it was succeeded by a half-sob and half-exclamation of mingled joy and relief. "Oh, Clarion!" she exclaimed, "you gave me such a turn, with your cold nose. And what was mommy's darling doing with the harness? I thought some one was here."

Again Joggles whinnied, and, her fright entirely gone, Janice walked to his stall. "Was my precious glad to get back?" she asked, patting him on the back as she went into the stall. "Why, my poor dear! Did Thomas go to his supper without even taking his saddle off? Well, he should—and his bridle, too, so that he couldn't eat his hay! 'Twas a shame and—!" Once again Janice uttered an exclamation of fright, as her fingers, moving blindly forward in search of the buckle, came in contact with some cloth, under which she felt a man's arm. Nor was her fright lessened, though she did not scream, when instantly her arm in turn was seized firmly. The unknown peril is always the most terrifying.

"I did not want to frighten you, Miss Janice—" began the interloper.

"Charles!" ejaculated the girl. "I mean, Colonel Brereton."

"I thought you'd scarcely come into the stall, and hoped to get away undiscovered."

"But what are you—I thought you were across— How did you get here?"

"I had business to the northward," explained the officer, "and meant to have been in Bound Brook by this time. But the cursed snow came on, and, not having travelled the westerly roads, I thought best to keep to those with which I was familiar, though knowing full well that I ran the risk of landing in the arms of the British. Fortunately their troops are no fonder of facing our American weather than our American riflemen, and tucked themselves within doors, leaving it to us—" There the aide checked his flow of words.

"But why did you come here?"

Brereton laughed. "Does not a runaway servant always turn horse thief? My mare has covered nearly forty miles to-day, the last ten of it in the face of this storm, and so I left her at the Van Meter barn, and thought to borrow Joggles to ride on to Morristown to do the rest." Colonel Brereton's hand, which had continued on the girl's arm, relaxed its firm hold, and slipped down till it held her fingers. "And then, I—I wanted word of you, for the stories of Hessian doings that come to us are enough to make any man anxious." Janice felt his lips on her hand. "All is well with you?" he asked eagerly, after the caress.

Janice, forgetful of her recent woe, answered in the affirmative, as she tried to draw herself away. Her attempt only led to the man's hand on hers tightening its grip. "I can't let you go, Miss Janice, till you give me your word not to speak of this meeting. They could scarce catch me such a night, but my mission is too vital to take any risks."

"I promise," accented Janice readily.

Brereton let go her hand at once, and his fingers rattled the bit, as he hastily completed the buckling the girl's entrance had interrupted. "If I never return, you will claim your namesake, my mare, Miss Janice," he suggested, as he backed Joggles out of the stall. "And treat her well, I beg you. She's

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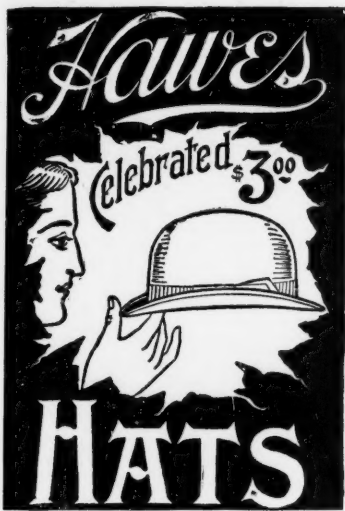
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the one thing that has any love for me. God knows if I ever see her again."

Forgetting that Brereton could not see her, Janice nodded her head. "You are going for good?" she asked.

"I fear for anything but that! For good or bad, however, I must ride my thirty miles to-night."

"Thirty miles!" cried Janice, with a shiver. "And your hands are dreadfully cold, and your teeth chatter."

"Tis only the chill of inaction after hard and hungry riding. Ten minutes of cantering will set the blood jumping again."

"Can't you wait a moment while I get something for you to eat?" besought the girl.

"Bless you for the thought," replied the aide, with a little husk in his voice. "But my mission is too important to risk delay, much more the nearness of you dragons."

"For what are you going?" questioned Janice.

"To order—to get the dice for the last desperate main."

"General Washington is going to try—?"

"Ay. Ah, Miss Janice, they have beaten our troops, but they've still to beat our general, and if I can but make Lee—I must not linger. Will give me a good-by and God-speed to warn me on the ride?"

"Both," answered Janice, holding out her hand, which the officer once again stooped and kissed. "And to-night I'll pray for his Excellency."

Brereton shoved open the door wide enough for the horse to pass through. "And not for his Excellency's aide?" he asked.

Janice laughed a little shyly as she replied: "Dost not the greater always include the lesser?"

Barely were the words spoken, when a sound from the outside reached them, making both start and listen intently. It needed but an instant's attention to resolve the approaching noise into the jingle of bits and sabres.

"Halt!" whispered the officer warningly. "Cavalry." He threw back the holster-flap of the saddle to free a pistol, and, grasping his scabbard to prevent it from clanking, he stepped through the doorway, leading Joggles by the bridle.

"Ho, there!" came a voice out of the driving snow. "We've lost sight and road. Which way is't to Greenwood?"

Brereton put foot in the stirrup and swung into the saddle. "Away to the right," he responded, as he softly drew his sabre, and slipped the empty scabbard between his thigh and the saddle. Gathering up the reins, he wheeled Joggles to the left.

"Can't ye give us some guidance, whoever ye be?" asked the voice, now much nearer, while the sound of horses' breathing and the murmur of men's voices proved that a considerable party were struggling through the deepening snow. "Where are you, anyway?"

Brereton touched Joggles with the spur gently, and the steed moved forward. Not five steps had been taken before the horse shied slightly to avoid collision with another, and, in doing so, he gave a neigh.

"Here's the fellow, Hemiou," spoke up a rider. "Now we'll be stabled quick enough." He reached out and caught at the bridle.

There was a swishing sound, as Brereton swung his sword aloft and brought it down on the extended arm. Using what remained of the momentum of the stroke, the aide let the flat of the weapon fall sharply on Joggles' flank; the horse bounded forward, and, in a dozen strides, had passed through the disordered troop.

A shrill cry of pain came from the officer, followed by a dozen exclamations and oaths from the troopers, and then a sharp order, "Catch or kill him!"

"Ha, Joggles, old boy," chuckled his rider, "there's not much chance of our being cold yet a while. But we know the roads, and we'll show them a trick or two if they'll but stick to us long enough."

Bang! Bang! Bang! went some horse-pistols.

"Shoot away!" jeered the aide softly, though he leaned low in the saddle as he wheeled through the small opening in the hedge and galloped over the garden beds. "Tis only British dragons who'd blindly waste lead on a northeaster. 'Tis lucky the snow took no offence at my curses of it an hour ago."

(To be continued)

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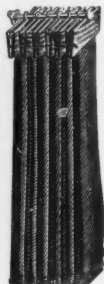
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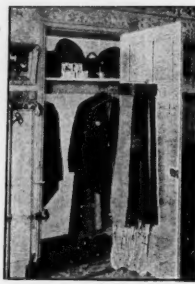
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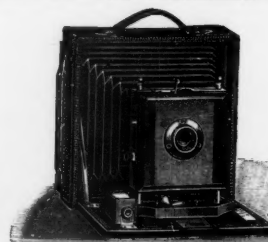
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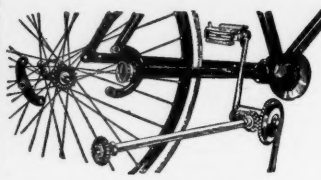
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"WHERE FRENCH HEELS MAY NOT WANDER"

GOLF FOR WOMEN

BY LILIAN BROOKS

THE LIFE OF THE GIRL of to-day is one long fête. Our mothers and our grandmothers undoubtedly had very charming times, but it was reserved for this day and generation to develop the hardy, healthy side of a girl's nature, and make her the breezy, rosy-cheeked, jolly comrade every one loves. All the long summer day, from early morning until the shadows lengthen and then fade silently away, our modern girl spends in riding, swimming, bicycling, sailing, golfing; and it is due perhaps to this last-named sport that she owes the almost absolute completeness of her emancipation. The bicycle, it is true, was the first great reformer, bringing with it that greatest of all boons, the short skirt. Then became possible delightful jaunts through old forgotten country roads—little trips, lasting two or three days, of exciting exploration; but, best of all, it brought simple, natural companionship with one's friends. American men are not selfish. They seem to have found the happy medium between the Frenchman's too exclusive devotion and the Britisher's somewhat assumed indifference. An American will shorten his ride, moderate his pace, walk up hills, do anything, in fact, to get his dearly loved exercise, and still spend a few of his precious leisure hours with the women he likes; and it is largely because golf is such a companionable game that it has become so popular.

No woman can swing her club over three or four weeks without discovering that to hit the ball at all she must stand firmly on her feet, and to do so she must have proper shoes; so she puts aside high heels and pointed toes, and dons thick soles and hob-nails, her horror at the clatter she makes drowned in the flush of her instant improvement.

Lately a little incident illustrated the "signs of the times": At one of our popular clubs, near New York, the links on Saturday afternoon are reserved entirely for men. To console their fair members a very pretty putting course was laid out in front of the club house, and prizes offered each week. This little match became vastly popular, and as putting requires no physical effort, golf suits were cast aside, and every one appeared in their prettiest lawns and laces, making the green look like a gorgeous collection of tropical butterflies. One afternoon there was plainly something amiss, and one or two women could be seen examining the greens with microscopic care. Finally one bold spirit lifted up her voice and tragically exclaimed:

"Some one is wearing French heels!"

There was an appalled silence, then a general burst of excited protest; so to settle the matter the bold spirit gathered the women together under a great chestnut tree and ordered:

"Show your heels!"

Whereupon up went a whirl of lace skirts and silk flounces, betraying bewildering glimpses of dazzling silk stockings and well-turned ankles, while the bold spirit made a severe inspection. The culprit discovered, she was escorted, plaintively protesting, to the piazza, and retired to safe obscurity for the rest of the day.

When a woman has arrived at the point of being willing to sacrifice the appearance of her feet, she is usually ready to adopt any reform that will make good golf possible; and a short, circular skirt and easy shirt-waist in summer, with the addition of a warm sweater and loose red coat in winter, is acknowledged to be the best and prettiest attire for the game. There has been a tendency to run to extremes which is as distasteful as it is unnecessary. Golf is not a very violent game, and no one need dispense with a collar, or roll up the sleeves higher than does the wash-lady who presides over the laundry at home. Neither is there any sense in wearing a shirt-waist which rustles with starch like a "jupon de soie," or a collar so high that the player cannot turn her head to the right or left, although the latter instance, to be sure, might help her to keep her eye on the ball. Golfing dress has its picturesque side, like everything else, and individual taste can make a woman on the links either a joy to look upon or a shock to every sense of delicacy and fitness.

All American women, with the exception of perhaps a happy half dozen, are really beginners, and in golf every one must develop her own style of play on her own individual lines; but there are one or two errors into which almost all beginners fall, and the way out of the maze is only found after months of bitter experience.

In the first place, almost all women use too heavy clubs. It is a well recognized fact, and admitted by the best exponents of the game, that heavy clubs are a serious detriment to progress. It is almost impossible to make a beginner believe this, and a woman, feeling herself handicapped by her lack of physical strength, chooses heavy clubs as an immediate solution of a pressing difficulty. No greater mistake can be made, excepting the use of whippy shafts, and by "whippy" we do not mean the little spring necessary to all clubs, but a shaft that is almost as supple as a willow wand. Nearly every one insists at first upon this suppleness, and when one stops to think of the snappy, heavy-headed, long-handled monstrosity the majority use, it is a wonder that more do not lose courage and give up the game as hopeless.

It is only after struggling for months with nothing but a long record of failure to look back upon that one gives up having "ideas," and meekly appeals to one's best friend for advice and consolation. If he has been watching sympathetically, and is merciful, he will refrain from saying "I told you so," and will promptly and finally convince by actual demonstration that one's clubs are really longer, heavier, and more bulge-faced than his own. So with a sigh and many misgivings one returns to first principles—"slow back, half swing and hit the ball," with a short handle, laid-back face, and a light club, if not a light heart.

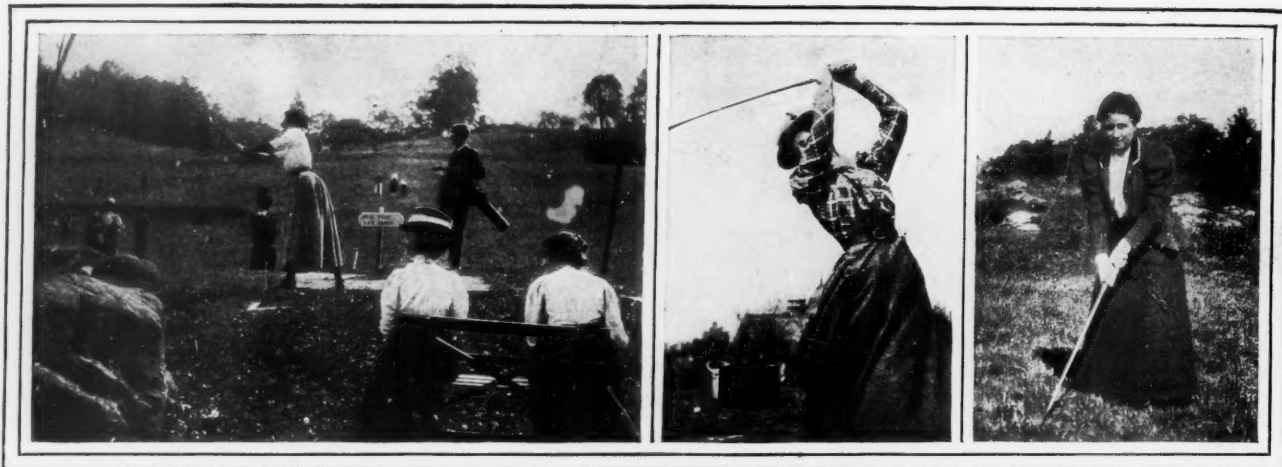
Again, women rarely consider their height in relation to the length of their shaft, or the angle of the head from the shaft. A short woman will often play with as long, if not a longer, club than a tall woman, and a tall woman will probably be wedded to a head whose angle obliges her to stand far away from the ball, and bend over it in order to make the face of the club meet

the ball at the proper time. This, coupled with her wide stance and her habit of always holding the club at the extreme end, is largely accountable for the extraordinary unsteadiness of many a really good player. If a woman would only believe it, a grip well down toward the middle of the leather binding, with the right hand turned up, showing all the fingers clasped—a follow through with the arms, not so much the body, and all consciousness concentrated in getting a powerful swing with her left instead of her right side—these few little points would lower her score ten strokes and steady her game to a very small degree of variation, for following out these simple suggestions she would at once find herself obliged to shorten her usually enormous swing, which sometimes carries her club so far back that it touches her left shoulder, thus losing in the upward stroke the force needed to drive the ball prettily away. So long a swing also makes it almost impossible for her to meet the ball squarely with the face of the club, or to keep her eye on the ball.

There is very little doubt that a woman's best clubs are her driver and brassy. That she is able to use a brassy well is really a curious fact, for Whigham is absolutely right when he says a brassy is one of the most dangerous clubs a man can carry. He states that all wooden clubs should be of exactly the same weight, and the heads at the same angle. The brass foot must of necessity change the weight, balance, and probable circle of the swing, so Whigham asserts that a man should carry two drivers—duplicates—and where the lie through the green is good he should use his second driver, with the face a little more laid back, perhaps, to counteract the absence of a tee. Where the lie is not good enough for a driver, then he should use no wooden club, but an iron—so for a man a brassy is really unnecessary. Why this should not be equally true in a woman's case it is hard to say, but it is acknowledged universally that a brassy is the best club for distance a woman can carry. That she abuses its use ridiculously is true, often playing it in ravines and bunkers, where, to a man, a Taylor mashie would seem inadequate. Nevertheless, granting its abuse, and the handicap its misuse must be to progress, a good woman player would lessen the strength of her game three-fourths were she to remove her brassy from her kit.

After conquering the wooden clubs our American women seem to have found a serious stumbling-block. They cannot use their irons. With one and all they fail to get any distance whatever. It may be that they have not yet tried to seriously study the game as a whole, or it may be because they are still too new at it to have had time to subdue one of its most serious difficulties. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that for them the proper use of irons is still an unknown art, and until they can wield them well, they will never be worth the serious consideration of their sisters across the water.

The cleek is the best iron for distance, and when its few difficulties have been mastered, and its all-around usefulness discovered, there are few who would give it up for any other club in the world. It has always



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A TRIAL SWING

A GOOD GRIP

seemed very surprising that men do not take to it more, for there are always times in every match when the use of a brassie is out of the question, and the distance to be covered altogether beyond the reach of a mashie-iron, the cleek's universal substitute. And what a substitute! Of all unsatisfactory, temper-trying, character-destroying inventions, commend us to the mashie-iron! Tricky, top-heavy, lofted, and with a short blade, it is directly responsible for more disasters to the player and the course than all the other clubs combined, while a cleek is honest and straightforward—ready to stand by right loyally either when one is up to one's best form, or hopelessly off one's game. In the hands of a man, upon whose strength a woman often looks so longingly, it might perform miracles.

Approaching and putting should be a woman's strong point, and she is fortunate if she has some friend to explain, more often hammer into her, the ideas of putting dead, dropping the ball where it will catch the proper roll, and all the other innumerable nice points she would not naturally notice herself, and which the majority of professionals, for some reason or other, do not always succeed in imparting. The best club to use for approaching is a Morris mid-iron. At first, one might suppose it a very easy club to procure, but the right kind of a Morris mid-iron is hardly to be found in this country. It should be very light, with a handle of normal length, and not too much lofted. It was erroneously supposed for quite a while that Douglass, who gave such a superb exhibition of approaching at the Na-

tional Championship, used a mashie, but it has since become known that he used a light Morris iron of the kind described. No other club should be used for this delicate work. A mid-iron is perfect for long, as well as short approaches, thus removing the necessity of a change of weight, which should be avoided as much as possible. In putting, women seem to cling to the standard gun-metal putter. We rarely see her use any other kind—never a wooden one—while men use anything from a cleek to a goose-neck. In summing up her bag a woman should carry two duplicate drivers, a brassie, a cleek, a Morris mid-iron, a heavy Taylor mashie, for bunkers, and a putter, making seven in all, not an overload by any manner of means, but good standbys, all. These should carry her successfully around any course in the country.

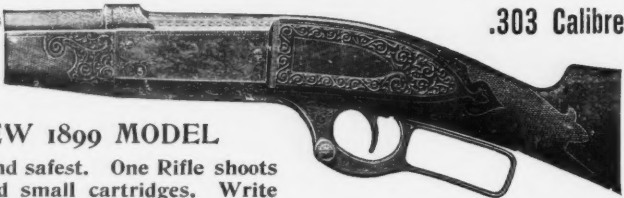
Few women believe in special courses for their particular edification; for they are always ridiculously easy and afford no opportunity to progress toward an advanced game. All Shinnecock women who play at all, play well, because the little red course soon becomes unendurable, and unless they can drive well they might as well give up the white course entirely. After they have made their three qualifying scores on their own links, no concessions whatever are made to their game; they play what the men play, or gracefully retire. Every true sportswoman wishes to progress, and so changes in her favor are not always received with unalloyed pleasure. The practice of playing a course as it stands is of great advantage in mixed four-

some contests, which are very popular everywhere. When a woman has once grasped the meaning of the words "good judgment" she is really a very valuable assistant, as she keeps in the course, and is willing to sacrifice her individual game for the success of the combination. Very few men will do this. For this reason, we often see a good player bring in a better mixed foursome score than any he has ever made with a man not an acknowledged crack.

On the whole, American women have great reason for encouragement. Each National Championship has brought out a larger and still larger field, and the quality of play has greatly advanced. It seems still a little early to talk of bringing over an English team to play an American team, but should such be the case next year, the result may prove beneficial in the highest degree. There would be no chance for the American team as a whole, against such players as Miss Pascoe, the English ex-champion, or Miss Pierson, who is also excellent, although it would not be unreasonable to hope for one or two brilliant individual successes. But our defeat would be without humiliation, as we certainly make no boast, and the amount of knowledge and insight into the game which we would surely gain would send us forward in gigantic strides. In a few years, when we have had time to develop a class of players, corresponding to Harry Hollins, Jr., and Clark, Jr., among men, any team of women from anywhere will have to carefully count the cost before throwing down the gauntlet to their American sisters.

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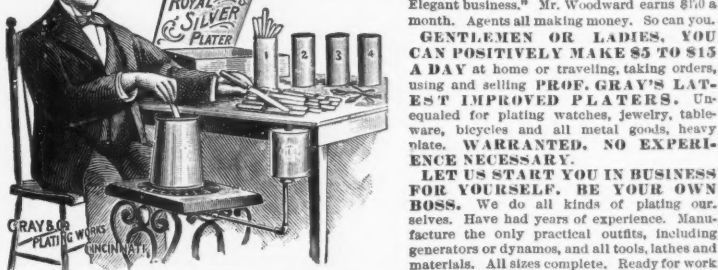
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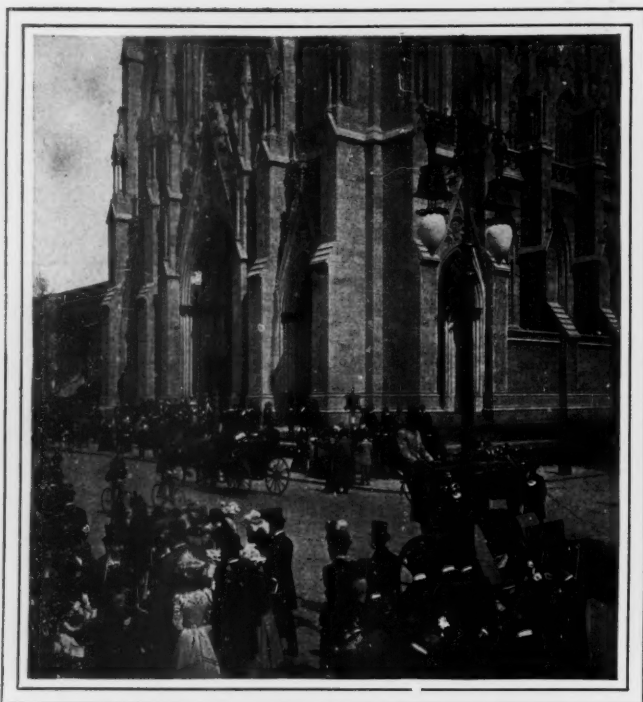
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We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your \$3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of pure whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 607-613 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

Vigoral—Concentrated Beef.

Builds up the invalid,
Strengthens the convalescent.
Tones up a weak stomach.
Nourishes the delicate.

Served at fountains and cafes—sold by Grocers and Druggists.
ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO.



Persons who have made the subject of eating and drinking a study find a striking object-lesson in every bottle of

Evans' Ale

the perfection of which marks the world's new degree for comparison of brewing and bottling.

Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs,
Cafes and Chop Houses

1899= 35th =1899 Annual Statement OF THE

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate.	\$2,000,684.43
Cash on hand and in bank.	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.	5,785,993.99
Interest accrued but not due.	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security.	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies.	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums.	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies.	251,120.97
United States Bonds.	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds.	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds.	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks.	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds.	1,402,300.00
Total Assets.	\$28,315,444.46

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department.	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department.	1,399,372.80
Present Value Installment Life Policies.	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers.	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment.	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance.	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department.	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest.	400,000.00
Total Liabilities.	\$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders.	\$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders.	\$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force.	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898.	16,087,551.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.	1,382,008.92
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.	14,532,359.52
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898.	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid.	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.	\$1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.	22,464,596.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.	\$2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

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